





## MISCELLANEOUS.

## SKEPTICISM OF CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. O. W. SCOTT.

## FIRST PAPER.

Who has not heard and read much concerning the "faith of childhood?" Suppose we discuss the other side a little, viz., the unbelief, the skepticism of childhood. You, reader, may have no sympathy with the proposition, and so will not accept the statement, that childhood doubts the truth of revelation. Let us see.

When seven years of age, Theodore Parker had virtually settled in his own mind, that the Protestant Bible was not the word of God. At this tender age, this theological prodigy had settled it as a "permanent conviction," that God was never to be feared; that there was no such thing as "infallible inspiration," and that the Bible contained "false doctrine, ridiculous absurdities, and some wickedness" (Experience as a Minister, pages 35 and 36).

Now we are told that "the child is the father of the man," and so it proved. The "convictions" of his tender years produced legitimate fruit in maturer age. This prepossession of his childhood was the key-note of his whole history. Now it is certain that one child, at least, was very skeptical concerning the truth of Revelation. If he possessed so great a measure of unbelief, may not many, if not all, children, possess a certain degree of it? I think this is plain.

We do not propose to count all the children into the catalogue of skeptics. Not at all. We confess to have known and read of some beautiful illustrations of child-faith. The history of Dr. Doddridge is too familiar to be forgotten; and doubtless many of the readers of this article could contribute at least one example from their own experience, which would confirm the statement that some children do exhibit remarkable faith, and are spiritual and saintly to a great degree.

But we have not so much to do with the two extremes—the Parkers and Doddridges—as with the children who lie within those limits; that is, the average children, your children (if you are an average parent), the bright boys and girls of our communities, who are as ready to laugh as to learn (and perhaps a little more so), roguish, romping, full of fun and frolic.

I am persuaded that in our enthusiasm in planning the "Sunday-school organization," and studying "the possibilities of the Sunday-school," and in projecting "normal classes," that we have unconsciously lost sight of the fact that some of the children under our instruction are actually growing up to doubt the truth of the Bible, or are cultivating a belief that is, as Lowell says,

"A believing nothing at all."

Our system of child culture is defective if we fail to recognize this fact, and so guard against it. Many teachers in our schools, through lack of interest (too often this), or of careful observation, i. e., the use of the "detective power," have failed entirely to observe the skeptical drift of the scholar's mind; but as was afterward, and later in life, developed, that tendency to doubt did exist, and so in many youthful minds it surely exists to-day.

A teacher of marked intelligence and devotion to her work, once related to me her experience with a class of bright lads some ten or twelve years of age. The lesson for that Sabbath was from the sixth chapter of the book of Joshua, where are brought before us the capture of Jericho, the miraculous reduction of its walls, etc. After the points of interest were passed (the procession about the city and its subsequent capture), she said she noticed the boys were nervously wriggling in their seats, casting doubtful glances at each other, and making other curious demonstrations. Perplexed at first to understand the cause of their uneasiness, she finally suspected it arose from a lack of confidence in the story before them, when with much solicitude she inquired, "Don't you believe this, boys?" "Guess not quite," replied the spokesman of the class. "Why," said she in mild expostulation, "why don't you believe, boys, that it were possible that those great walls fell down when they blew the rams' horns?" There was a pause for a moment while the teacher waited anxiously for a reply, when one of those little skeptics deliberately made answer, "Well, if they did fall, I guess they were cracked before."

That teacher saw that she had a very important work before her, to set those youthful doubters right regarding the truth of the Word of God, and that she endeavored to perform that task then and there.

This is not an exceptional case; it is only one of many experiences which conscientious teachers are having every Sabbath throughout the land.

But, let us ask why are the children skeptical? Possibly we might dispose of this summarily, if not satisfactorily, by saying they are "totally depraved." I do not imagine, however, that such a statement would be altogether acceptable, although we may safely conclude that this vitiated state of the human heart has a bearing here, and has its due influence in, answering this question.

But outside of this doctrine of "original sin," we may notice some reasons why the childish heart is skeptical:—

1. And, first, we may remark that we cannot fail to recognize the fact that in this age of evolution and evolution, of bioplasm and protoplasm, of mechanism and materialism, of monads and

monkeys, of gigantic frauds and astonishing personal lapses, that this age has a tendency to doubt; and when we consider the fact that these questions and persons are freely canvassed in the parlor, at the table, in the lyceum, and in the social circle, until the children become familiar with the grossest deceptions, and the language of doubt, can we wonder that it has its influence upon them?

This is the age when books are being rapidly multiplied, and public addresses delivered, which aim ponderous blows at the hopes and expectations of Christian believers; when the Bible is declared to be simply full of allegories and misstatements, or, if credible at all, that the page of veritable history is often followed by another of pious fraud, and altogether so mystical that several constructions can be put upon it; an age when the keenest of metaphysicians have been set to work to ransack the universe, to discover, if possible, some mysterious power that should disengage the world of its confidence in the Christian faith. And when these questions of the day are accepted and discussed by parents and teachers, with favor, in the presence of the children, can we wonder that the latter will grow skeptical, though they may not be able to define the term? "If the fathers eat our grapes, will not the children's teeth be set on edge?"

2. Another reason for the skepticism of the child of to-day, I apprehend, may sometimes be found in the fact that so many of our Sunday-school teachers are culpably careless in their work of instruction. Some teachers, I am grieved to say, do not seem to realize very deeply, when they consent to take a class, that they are undertaking a work of great responsibility—one, indeed, which cannot be circumscribed by the walls of the school-room, and which cannot be confined to simply the Sunday-school hour and the routine of the question book. Too often have we seen them, after the Sabbath assignment has been passed hastily over, excuse themselves and depart, leaving the class alone, or else listlessly wait till the signal bell struck the hour for closing exercises.

What is the inevitable impression upon the mind of the scholar who grows up such religious tutelage? Bad, bad indeed! The interest of the scholar seldom rises higher than that of the teacher. If the latter passes through the round of his duty in the uninterested manner that I have described, it will inevitably lead the child to think that the lesson is of little or no consequence in itself, and of little or no consequence for him to know it; and what greater promoter of doubt can I mention than such instruction?

It is a sad, and also a startling thought, that unbelief may actually be cultivated in our Sunday-school classes from Sabbath to Sabbath by our heedlessness—this noxious weed flourishing right under the shadow of the tree of life!

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

BY AN OLD CHORIST.

Seeing some articles in the HERALD, not long since, on congregational singing—a subject of deep interest to me—I have ventured to add a word or two, hoping that some suggestion, coming from one who has had a large experience in leading in the service of praise in the sanctuary, may contribute a little to the evidence in favor of that mode.

A very large part of the Churches in the land, no doubt, are satisfied that the only true way in which this part of the worship should be conducted, is by the congregation; for we all know, in our hearts, that the performance by a choir of this part of the service, is usually a very small degree, only, can it be called worship. Yet many of the Churches which think favorably of congregational singing, have so long been accustomed to other modes, that they dare not leave these evils, through fear that they might not meet with success in adopting this other method.

Having occupied, during more than thirty-five years of constant service, all the positions in chorus choirs and quartettes, and having been director and preceptor for over twenty-five years of that time, I firmly believe that there is not a Church in New England, which has life enough to sustain preaching, that cannot creditably sustain congregational singing, and do it, too, with less friction, less expense generally, and much more acceptably to the people, as well as to the Most High to whom the praise is offered.

First, have every pew in the church well supplied with books containing the hymns and music. This is absolutely indispensable, for the better singer, the less probability of his taking any part, unless the words and music are wholly under his control. It is of no use to try to get along with one book for two persons. It will be found a good investment for the society to own the books, and distribute them freely all over the church. Next, one or more leading men of the Church, who are energetic and determined, must be placed upon the musical committee of the Church, and having decided it to be right, should resolve to make congregational singing a success. The pastor should be enlisted, also, as a great deal depends upon his co-operation.

Then, again, there should be meetings for practice. Call them praise-meetings, rehearsals, or what name you please. They can be secured with a little effort in various ways, by combining them with the social meetings,

with some literary exercises, or the church "socials," the whole to be under the direction of the leader of the music, and consuming not over one and a half hour's time. It is a great mistake to think that congregations cannot be made to sing promptly and in time. They will sing better that way than in any other, after a little practice.

Again, every one should be made to feel that they have a part in this service. I will not argue the question as to whether every one can learn to sing or not, but every one can have their book open, and with the words before them, follow the singing in their hearts, if they cannot read the music. Outwardly, at least, there must be an earnest demand that all shall take a part. There is another matter of which I would like to speak. Why is it that so many of our preachers pay so little attention to the manner of giving out the hymns from the desk? Many of the selections in our Hymn-book, if properly read, cannot help inspiring any one capable of feeling, before they commence to sing at all.

I have made these suggestions without attempting any argument in their favor. It seems to me their practical utility cannot be questioned. I know that where these suggestions have been practiced, the singing is inspiring. I have said nothing about the manner of leading, whether by choir, preceptor, or organ, as what might be best in one case, might not be well in another. My own preference is decidedly in favor of a single voice, if a suitable person can be found, for several reasons which want of space forbids me to mention. Altogether, I know that with a fair amount of effort, better and more satisfactory results to every Christian congregation can be attained in this way than in any other.

3. Do Christians desire a revival? Does that desire pervade the Christian's life, control his conduct, show itself in devout longing, eager expectation, fervent and increasing prayer? 2. Do Christians use the means for a revival? There are prayer-meetings. Do they attend them? Do they go to the prayer-meeting to do good? Do they speak, or sing, or pray? Do they sit in silence? Do they, as parents, co-operate with Sunday-school workers, to make their instructions a saving blessing? Do Christians use the more private means of doing good? Have they opened their lips on the subject of personal religion to an impatient sinner, for a month? Do they endeavor, from week to week, to bring the unconverted to the house of God?

3. Do Christians use the means of grace with prayerful expectation of a blessing? It is not the mere acts of the attendant's own soul on which, through the merits of Christ and the grace of the Holy Spirit, the good deeds. Instead, then, of regarding our meeting, or any other means, as a sort of mill, which, being kept in motion, the minister turning the crank, will somehow turn out spiritual blessings, we must look on every one as a precious means through which we are to get good and to do good. No means of grace can be expected to do good, except as we, by effort and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, obtain that result.

4. Do Christians thus use the various means of grace? Does prayer precede and accompany every one? Do they in each one look for a blessing? or do they go to it with no thought that in that particular means a blessing is to be expected? We need go no farther to see that there is no mystery at all in the absence of revival, when Christians neglect the means of grace to a great extent, or use them only in a formal manner, as if the mere machinery of the Church would work a revival. In the light of these considerations, how many of the professors of religion are guilty of the loss of souls? Oh, that we may see more soul-travel in our Churches!

"When Zion travaileth, she shall bring forth children."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

The Home Reunion Society is an organization which has been formed by members of the Established Church. Its object is to advocate all reasonable liberty in matters not "contravening the Church's faith, order, or discipline," but it cannot support any scheme of comprehension which compromises "the three creeds," or the episcopal constitution of the Church. The Bishop of Winchester, the president, and the Bishops of Carlisle, Exeter, Lincoln, Edinburgh and Glasgow are on the council. A meeting was held at Ipswich a few days ago, under the chairmanship of the mayor of the town. High Church and Low Church clergy attended, and several of the Nonconformist ministers of the district. Rev. Mr. Tozer, a Congregationalist minister, read an able and admirable paper. The union which the Reunion Society seeks to accomplish, is the absorption of the sects by the Anglican Church. As Mr. Tozer truly said, there must be reciprocity on equal terms. Without this, there can be no fraternal intercourse. This reciprocity will not be conceded by Churchmen.

An eminent and learned historian of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Dr. Killen, the president of one of the colleges of that Church, expresses himself in favor of a union of Irish Presbyterians and Episcopalians. Such a union will never be consummated. There may be union of heart-

sympathy and co-operation, but organic union between the two, never! The three orders in the ministry will not be given up by the Episcopalians, and Presbyterians will not recognize it as Scriptural. The Bishop, Dr. Gregg, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, adheres as staunchly to the three orders as Primas Tait, and he has taken great pains to demonstrate to the people of England that he is in the succession as truly and as validly as any bishop of the Established Church. And he is, too. Organic oneness is not essential to real union. Indeed, organic union is not desirable. It is better that there are different denominations; but are there not too many? Presbyterianism is not one, organically one, in every country; it exists in many forms. Methodism, so should Episcopalianism, so should Baptists. There should be no two sects of the same faith or order in any place. Such schism is an evil. The Churches are not even ripe, however, for such a union as this. How much less ready for the greater and impracticable union of the whole!

Heresy is still exercising the attention of several presbyteries in Scotland, but the majority are in favor of unyielding discipline to the errandists, and therefore they will probably retain their position in their respective Churches. Unless the defection is vital, in itself, or unless it necessarily leads to fundamental departures from the faith, it should receive no notice. To notice it, is to give it influence and invest it with mischievous potentiality. Those who are challenged for heresy raise the cry of persecution, and this cry is talismanic to the evocation of public sympathy, and the heresy gains by the trial, and the minister triumphs.

Canon Farrar has qualified his statements concerning future punishment, and denies the correctness of the reports of his sermons which were first published. The reporters have to bear burdens which do not belong to them. Ministers who love to make a sensation, are generally lacking in courage to stand by their own statements. If these are criticized, for nine cases out of ten they cannot bear criticism, and to escape the responsibility of their own words, they charge the reporter with inaccuracy. Sensationalism is an abnormal lunacy. It weakens the influence and usefulness of the pulpit.

MAGGOWAN.

FROM WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR: In our capital, the round of fashion and the whirl of pleasure-loving society, has given place to the quiet, Lenten season. Instead of long columns, in the papers, of receptions, with the names of persons attending them, we now have accounts of daily services in the different churches, and in place of many rapidly rolling carriages, we now hear the tolling of the bells, and see the worshippers wending their way to the house of God on foot.

It is no wonder that our society people are all so strenuous in the observance of Lent. During the day season, some of them attend six or eight receptions during the day, and from three to five parties during the night, and this, too, for six days and nights in succession, getting but an hour or two of sleep in the early morning. Besides, there is very little real comfort or pleasure in these jammed receptions and crowded parties. It is simply an introduction, and you pass on to make room for the succeeding crowd; and then, probably, in return, you have a card left at your door by a livid footman. What a cruel tyrant can be made of an uncomfortable custom, and yet are we willing to how in blind idolatry, and none have the courage to set an example more sensible and intellectual!

Mrs. Hayes has departed from the usual custom at the White House, and holds her Saturday receptions in the east room. This room is larger than the blue, green, and red parlors all combined, and accommodates the vast crowd with much more comfort to the caller.

Feb. 27th, Dr. Newman preached his farewell sermon to a congregation that filled every available seat and all the standing room in the large Metropolitan M. E. Church. Tears and sobs were mingled in all parts of the church. No minister ever left a pulpit more regretted, if we can judge by the feeling manifested at the parting scene.

Rev. Mr. Naylor, of Baltimore, the new minister who succeeds Dr. Newman, preached yesterday to a full house. His text was Paul's words: "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things as lost for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." It is safe to say that every one of that large and intelligent audience was well pleased. Brother Naylor is a scholar, has a pleasant delivery, and possesses that magnetic power that will draw people to him. Beside these, he evidently has that knowledge of Christ which he so clearly portrayed in his sermon, and he also enjoys the heart-felt religion which has developed in his measure of belief.

Our winter season has been very mild. Trees and shrubs are in full leaf. Many of our fruit trees are in bloom, and the air is made fragrant with the odor of flowers. The sunshine is full of life, and all nature seems to be awakening to new beauty. The mild weather has been a great blessing to our poor, and has favored greatly the temperance cause, which has been so long and devotedly this winter. Every week there have been open-air meetings, which thousands have attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence followed Mr. Murphy. We have also many home temperance men who are reformed drunkards, and wield a powerful influence among the old dissipated companions. Mr. Charles Stewart, of Somerville, is prominent among them; he has magnetic attraction, as well as eloquent words, to offer in the cause to which he now devotes his life and labor. The women, too, are not idle. There are hundreds of them whose names are never known beyond the persons to whom they give smiles and kind words, and to whom they donate food and clothes. The temperance people have learned that there is "religion in a loaf of bread," and many have been kept from bankrupting by having decent clothes and food furnished to them. It is stated that 30,000 have signed the temperance pledge in Washington since the dawn of the new year.

L. E. D.

MARCH 11.

FROM SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

This favorite summer resort has been blessed with a temperance revival that places it at the head of the list—the banner town of the country. In a population of 1,400, over one thousand have signed the Murphy pledge. The movement had a singular origin. During holiday week a party of men were celebrating, after the too prevalent fashion of indulging in a spree. Several days had been spent thus, and from sheer want of something to do, they went to holding mock prayer-meetings after the regular Methodist style—praying, singing, and "giving testimony" or "experience." From one bar-room to another they went, offering up their drunken prayers, until at last (explain it who you can, we only give the facts) a won-

dorful change came over all, and it was found that the oldest and most inveterate drinker among them was really talking from his heart, and with such earnestness as to move his hearers to tears. Sobered with their own thoughts, resolutions of reform began to take shape, and the next day found five of them at the door of the Methodist parsonage, to ask him for his prayers and assistance in their desire to "begin a new and sober life." As a result, and without the aid of any foreign talent, gospel temperance meetings were opened in the M. E. church, and at the end of four weeks, as above stated, over 1,000 signed the pledge. Each of the three hotels have closed their bars from want of patronage, and we can now promise the visitors who may come to us to retreat the coming season, a table of sober guides, and plenty of pure water, a clean moral atmosphere, and an opportunity of assisting, by their example and means, in the support of a free reading-room conducted on Christian principles.

Following the great temperance work here, the blessing of a revival of religion. Meetings have been held in the M. E. church for three weeks, and also at South Schroon, a school-house appointment just out of the village. Thirty-four persons have thus far manifested their desire for salvation, and many of them are converted to God. The good work still continues, and we are looking for yet "greater things of this kind."

Rev. C. A. Cressy, of the New Hampshire Conference, has been with us during the three weeks past. He has been resting at Lake George during the past year, and expects to rejoin his Conference at its coming session next month. He won his way to all hearts, and rendered efficient service by his clear enunciation of truth and faithful labor in pastoral visiting. His wife, who accompanied him, is indeed an "evangelist of song," and fortunate will be the Church that secures their services during the coming year. Sister Cressy believes not only in singing, but in "singing the Gospel," and whenever she rendered "Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," her voice, as she sang, was heard, and not a few who started in the good way owe it to the Holy Spirit manifested in her songs. May God's blessing go with them in all their future labors!

W. H. G.

FROM CHICAGO.

The mud has exceeded anything in the memory of the "chance inhabitant." Since last October it has been almost continuous, not one whole week free from the "dreadful roads." This surprising state of affairs has nearly closed the protracted meetings in many of the rural districts, daylight being absolutely necessary for going to church. Many vigorous efforts have been made, but they were only partially successful; yet the cause of the changes have been wonderfully blessed. Near Joliet, New Lenox station, about a hundred and twenty have professed faith in Christ.

In the city, one new Church has been organized, with seventy members, and now has regular services and pastoral oversight. We have lost no ground yet; the church buildings are gradually being freed from debt, and hopes are bright for future prosperity. That indomitable worker, J. M. Caldwell, pastor of Ada Street M. E. Church, is around this week raising the last three hundred dollars, and like the boy after the wood-chuck for the preacher's dinner, he's "got to get it," and then Ada Street, worth \$50,000 at least, will swing into line free of debt.

Centenary, with Dr. H. W. Thomas, has the crowd. They throng that great temple and fill the aisles; yet even Centenary carriages cannot hold them all. The old lady, Clark street, is still a power for good. "Gospel meetings," as a splendid sign to be lighted every night, and sometimes blessed revival services take place there. M. M. Parkhurst and W. A. Spencer work side by side in this great field. Brother Spencer has just lost his father—Judge Spencer, of Rockford, a most honored and able Methodist layman. His home was always open for the itinerant, and his sons have inherited noble characters from the venerable man now gone to his reward.

The preachers' meeting has all the life and spirit necessary for success. In fact, some of the brethren would just as soon not have quite such heated discussions on "blue Monday," but then the majority enjoy it, and so the doctrine is carried on by one, and are discussed. "How shall we teach our doctrines?" was the last theme, and the speakers grappled with the doctrine of fate as taught in ultra-Calvinism, not by any means absolute, the male declarations to the contrary notwithstanding. The belief that the distinctive features of Calvinism have been withdrawn, and that a purer faith has developed in its measure of reform, but the articles still stand in the Confessions, and now then the "strictest of the sect" speak out with no uncertainty. Chicago knows both extremes, and each has a large following. Swing still crowds the theatre, and Paton has a large audience on the west side.

Though the churches are burdened with pressing claims, they have not yet let the collections in the main are good. Silver rattles in the boxes, and the count is often quite favorable. Can it be possible the vanity of jingle has something to do with the gifts, or is it that silver change is more easily handled than the scrip, or is it both? But if it opens benevolence, we welcome the silver. Our collections run from twenty to fifty dollars, and we take collections at every regular service.

JOHN O. FOSTER.

MEXICO.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Annual Mission of our Church in Mexico, at its late session, Feb. 18-19:—

Resolved, 1. By the members of this Annual Meeting, that we are rejoiced to welcome among us our beloved brother, Bishop Merrill and Rev. Dr. Dashiell, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society, and that their visit to us has been a most pleasant and profitable one.

2. That we tender our sincere thanks to Bishop Merrill for his faithfulness in the examination of the interests of the Mission, and for his discreet and judicious counsel, suggestions and rulings in all the business of the Annual Meeting.

3. That in Dr. Dashiell, we recognize a most efficient and faithful officer of the Church, and a generous, large-hearted and sympathetic friend of missions and missionaries, and that we tender him our warmest and most grateful thanks for the interest and thorough manner in which he has examined the work of the mission, as also for his wise suggestions and generous encouragements.

4. That we gratefully recognize the presence among us of our esteemed lay-brother, Thomas W. Price, ex-officio, of Philadelphia, who, as an unofficial representative of the lay element in the management of the Missionary Board, has taken a deep interest in our mission, and has given many valuable suggestions in our meeting. Tendering him our thanks for his presence, and respectfully soliciting a continuation of his interest and prayers.

5. That, as workers together with Dr. Butler, we cheerfully and with a glad heart, and have the most unbounded con-

fidence in his devotion to the work, and in his Christian character and integrity of purpose. We recognize in him an eminent and useful servant of God and the Church, and believe that the work he has done in Mexico, will not only result in blessing to all who speak the Spanish language, but will ever remain a monument to his piety and his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of humanity.

Whereas, Sister Craver, of Guammas, has been deprived of the privilege of being with us in this first Annual Meeting of the Mexican mission, and of engaging with us in our work, and enjoying social intercourse, and has shown such Christian resignation in foregoing this privilege and remaining alone in a fatal city, and thus giving us the benefit of the presence of Brother Craver here, therefore

Resolved, 1. That we express our regret at the absence of Sister Craver, and send her our cordial sympathy and assurance of our highest esteem.

2. That we recognize with gratitude the abundant and efficient labors of Miss J. H. Butler, who, without compensation, has shown untiring zeal and an unselfish interest in the work, from its foundation until the present time; and that we tender her our hearty thanks and high appreciation.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter. Lesson I.

April 7. 2 Chron. xxiv. 1-5.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DATE: Accession of Josiah, B. C. 639.

CONTEMPORARIES: Assyrian Kings—Sardanapalus and Sardan; Babylonian—Nabopolassar; Median—Cyaxares; Roman—The Emperor; Prophets—Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Huldah, and, possibly, Nahum.

CONNECTION: Josiah, under Manasseh, had acquired too much headway to be effectively checked by the king's repentance. Under his son and successor, Amon, it was permitted full sway. Two years passed, and the violent death of Amon, by a conspiracy of his servants, left the throne vacant. The conspirators in their time were smitten by the people who made Josiah, the son of Amon, king.

JOSIAH'S EARLY PIETY.

The Outlook was ominous. Idolatry was everywhere rampant. The land was dotted over with "high places." The gods of Phenicia and Moab and Ammon had become the accepted deities of the people. The Temple stood—in ruins; the mere relic of a departed age and of a faith no longer respected. Its sacred vessels had been removed, and its shrine had suffered repeated desecrations. On the southern heights of Olivet still stood the three idol sanctuaries, built by Solomon and dedicated to Astarte, Chemosh, and Moloch. They had survived the various king's and popular reformations, and their cruel and obscene rites were eagerly engaged in by a people who had long ago forgotten and forsaken the pure and elevating ritual of the Temple worship.

The kingdom was doomed. The "sure mercies of David" permitted a respite, but only a respite. Hezekiah's piety and Manasseh's repentance only postponed the day, but the day was coming.

"The day of the Lord's anger, That day of wrath, that dreadful day." Such was the prediction of Zephaniah, the apostle herald of judgment, the vibrations of whose prophecy, as Stanley reminds us, were long after heard in the deep murmur of the Apocalyptic revelation and the solemn Dies Irae.

Dr. Conley thinks that the fourth book of the Psalter (Psa. xc-cvi) was compiled, if not composed, at this period, and that "an inside view of the spirit and times of Josiah" may be obtained from these sacred hymns. "In it," he writes, "the noble spirit of youthful piety and holy passion which the history clearly assumes in the young king Josiah."

The Youthful King. It was a young head to wear a crown—a child of but eight years, undeveloped in mind and character, and with scarce wisdom to care for himself, much less a great people. The lament of Solomon over the nation whose king was a child, never appeared more applicable than when Josiah, the sixteenth of the line, mounted the throne. It must have seemed perilous in the extreme to commit the reins of government at so critical a moment to such youthful hands. And then, what could be expected of the grandson of Manasseh and the son of Amon? Could there be reason to hope that the child of such an infamous parentage would prove better than his fathers?

A few dates and his mother's name—Jehoiada, the daughter of Adiah of Bosath—are all we know of his early history.

His Type of Character. This is summed up in verse 2. The sacred chronicler treats biographies topically, and we therefore adopt his method in our exposition. This estimate of character covers the entire life of Josiah, and strictly belongs to the close of the narrative. Taking it where we find it, as a preface rather than a conclusion, we discover the three lineaments of a strong and perfect character: 1. "He did right in the sight of the Lord"—the great Searcher of Hearts, who requires "truth in the inward parts," and to whom all outward goodness is without value unless it flows from a right heart. He did right because his heart was right. He did right when all the world did wrong. 2. "He walked in the ways of David his father." Before Christ, as since, loyal hearts have looked for a living example. Josiah chose for his model the best earthly type of piety he could find. The name of David towered high over all others in spiritual distinction, and therefore Josiah walked "in his ways." How much better this than the "ways of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who caused Israel to sin." The name of Josiah is written in the same small but illustrious page with those of David, and Hezekiah and Jehoshaphat. Thus we see that he was "approved unto God," and also approved unto men. 3. "He declined neither to the right hand nor to the left." This rare phrase, borrowed from the days of Moses and Joshua, completes the outline. One whose model was good, and whose heart was right, would lead a straight-forward life. He would not be seduced from the straight line of duty. He would not deviate, he would not waver, he would not compromise. He would move right on. There would be no question how he would act in any emergency.

It is difficult to account for the appearance of this rare and beautiful type at a time when, in the almost universal corruption, the mould of goodness seemed to be utterly lost. It appears that a few faithful souls still lingered, and, like Habakkuk stood on the watch tower, waiting anxiously for gleams of a better day. Such were Hilkiah the High Priest, and Shaphan the secretary, and Huldah the prophetess, with her husband Shalum, and last, but not least, the prophet Jeremiah. Possibly the young king received the first bent towards goodness from the godly influence of some one of these. Still, "it is a striking feature of his history," says Dr. Smith, "that the king himself is the prime mover in every act of reformation."

His Youthful Piety and Zeal. His first deliberate act of choice was made when Josiah was sixteen years old. At that critical age, when temptations to pleasure are peculiarly strong, when the appetites grow sharp and clamorous, and when, as in Josiah's case, there was no one to bridle his license, and opportunities for illicit indulgence were multiplied, and the circumstances were all in array against a life of piety, it is indeed remarkable to read that "he began

to seek after the God of David, his father." Rarely do we find a determination of this kind beset with greater difficulties. There was no religious teaching; the Book of the Law had utterly disappeared; debasing idolatries had become common by their frequency, and established by a long succession of observances. In the deep spiritual darkness, even such minds as Habakkuk and Zephaniah were wrapped in hopeless perplexity. And yet the young king resists the downward current of his age, and with the mere taper-lights of conscience and tradition, begins to seek after the God of his father David. He did not wait for a mature judgment. "While he was yet young" he set about it. Can we find anywhere a brighter, nobler example of youthful piety than this?

"Blessed are those who begin young to serve the Lord—fewer sins to break off, a longer time in which to do good, a life less tainted with early sins and habits."

His piety soon bore fruit. In the twelfth year of his reign, at the age of twenty, he entered upon his crusade against idolatry. He proved a vehement reformer. Such an unsparring demolition of idol shrines, such a radical excision of every branch and root of idolatrous observance, had never before been seen in the land. Jerusalem, the seat of government, was first "purged." "High places" were despoiled of their altars, and their groves were cut down. Images, whether carved or molten, were shattered, and ground to powder. Solomon's famous sanctuaries, which had stood for 350 years on the Mount of Olives, perished in the common destruction. No matter how venerable or sacred the monument, if it had been used for other worship than that of Jehovah, it was ruthlessly destroyed. Tophet, in the Vale of Hinnom, the seat of Moloch worship, the proud temples of the sun-god, Baal, the houses devoted to the orgies of Ashtoreth, or, as Milton calls her, "Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns,"

the brazen altars erected by Ahab and Manasseh, all fell beneath the iconoclastic zeal of the reformer-king. Even the sepulchres of the dead priests were rifled, and their bones heaped up on the altar-sites, to complete the work of desecration. In Bethel and Samaria, which especially felt the fury of this crusade, more sanguinary scenes were enacted—the priests being put to death upon their own altars (2 Kgs. xxiii. 20; Deut. xvii. 2-5). By what authority Josiah pursued his work of vengeance beyond the confines of his own kingdom, we are not informed; but the record tells us that the "cities of Manasseh and Ephraim and Simeon, even unto Naphtali, with their altars (more strictly, 'in their deserts') round about, were likewise visited and 'cleansed.' (For a fuller account, see 2 Kings xxiii. 1-20.)

Stanley states that "Josiah's solemn dedication of the graves of prophets and priests long ago departed, was pleaded by Justinian and Theodorus in the Fifth General Council, as a sanction for anathematizing the dead."

His Work of Restoration. The era of destruction lasted six years, and the work was perfect. No visible emblem of false worship remained. The next duty was to call back the faith of the people from the false to the true; and the first act was to "repair the house of the Lord." It had already been "cleansed;" it needed now to be restored—its furniture and priests sanctified and its ritual re-established.

It is difficult to reconcile the chronological order of the events in our lesson with that given in the parallel passage in the book of Kings. Dr. Smith pursues the discovery of the Book of the Law and the restoration of the Temple midway in the work of destroying the idol places.

POINTS TO BE EMPHASIZED.

1. Piety can flourish in the most unfavorable circumstances.
2. Youth is the time to seek the Lord. Samuel, Timothy, etc.
3. Even the children of the ungodly may rise to the heights of sainthood.
4. Sins must be dealt with unsparringly.
5. Violence in measures of reform, though permitted in an earlier dispensation, is forbidden in this. This applies not to religious zeal, but to its methods.
6. To overthrow, is not enough; it is needful to rebuild.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE W. F. M. SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Bromfield Street Church, Boston, March 13. The meeting was but for a day, and the day proved a stormy one. The attendance in the morning was not large. Miss M. H. Lindsey occupied the chair in the absence of the president, Mrs. Dr. Patten. The meeting was opened with singing. Mrs. Dr. Patten read the Scriptures, and Mrs. Barnes led in prayer. The report of the treasurer, Mrs. T. A. Rich, showed that the year had been a prosperous one, notwithstanding the continued financial pressure. The receipts of the year, including balance in hand Feb. 10, 1877, were \$12,498.14; disbursements \$11,706.72; balance \$791.42. Mary Warren, of Hubbardston, Mass., led to the Society \$500 of this amount.

The branch corresponding secretary reported thirty new auxiliaries organized during the year, twenty-five life members, and one honorary manager, and two thousand eight hundred and ninety-one copies of the *Heavenly Woman's Friend* taken. The branch has worked in Mexico—four orphan, one Bible woman and school; in South America, one missionary, Miss Chapin, who, with Miss Denning, is carrying on a very prosperous school for girls. Seventy are now in attendance. Three orphans have been taken by these young ladies. More work is opening before them than it is possible for them to do, and the cry for more help must be heeded, or promising fields left uncultivated.

The work in Pekin is prosperous. Miss Campbell, who went from us a little more than two years since, is doing good service in the Girls' Boarding-school, in the Sunday-school, and among the native women. The school numbers eighteen. Nine of the scholars belong to this branch. A new school has been commenced in the southern, or native city, and thirteen little girls gathered in.

This is the first year in which the New England branch has undertaken work in

Japan. It has four scholarships in Tokio, and a school and Bible woman in Yokohama. Mrs. Carroll, who cares for the interests of the women and girls in the latter place, is greatly encouraged by the good already being accomplished by the little as yet attempted. Nine girls are in school. One woman has been won for Christ.

The branch has work in seven stations in India, all of which were reported prosperous. The Cawnpore school, begun this year, has fifty pupils and is self-supporting. The Cawnpore estate has two bungalows, one of which is to be called the Martha Cole Hall, in memory of the sister who passed from us last year, leaving a legacy which has been invested in this property. The Christian Girls' Boarding-school in Moradabad, which was started for the accommodation of forty girls, has now sixty-eight, many of the poor Christians being glad to find here food for their children during the famine.

It is not yet nine years since this Society sent money for its first Bible reader. Now this branch has in India alone, fifty-five Bible women and teachers, thirty-two school scholars, and four boarding-schools. We wish more had been accomplished. We thank God it is so much!

Following the report of foreign work, the home side was presented by the different conference secretaries. Mrs. Dr. Cummings gave an encouraging account of what had been accomplished in western Connecticut during the year. Though some auxiliaries had raised less than last year, more had been raised in the aggregate. Everything indicated a continued and increasing interest.

The report from Vermont Conference, sent by Mrs. Guernsey, was presented by Mrs. Jenkins. Forty-eight auxiliaries exist in this Conference, and six in Burlington district, under the care of Mrs. Foster of Castleton. The report of Mrs. Jenkins, of New Hampshire Conference, showed that activity and energy had accomplished much for the W. F. M. S. this year. Several new auxiliaries had been organized, some of them remarkably prosperous.

The secretary for Maine Conference has been an invalid much of the year, but her report proved what might be accomplished by one whose soul is on fire with missionary zeal. Nine new auxiliaries had been formed, and several new laborers drawn into efficient service.

The brief report from Mrs. Martin, secretary for Providence Conference, was hopeful. Mrs. Alderman reported over \$4,000 raised in New England Conference, and a good degree of enthusiasm in the cause.

The increasing interest of young ladies in this enterprise is a very encouraging feature of the year. Here and there they are handling together the work of the great needs and their power to meet them. The balloting for officers in the afternoon resulted in the election of Mrs. Dr. W. F. Warren, president; Mrs. L. H. Daggett, recording secretary; Mrs. C. P. Taplin, corresponding secretary; Mrs. T. A. Rich, treasurer; Mrs. A. L. Alderman, of Mass., and Mrs. J. W. Warren, of Vermont, as delegates to the annual meeting of the Society, to be held in Boston, May 9th.

But the best of the wine had been kept for the last of the feast. Mrs. Humphrey, for twelve years secretary of the Society in India, was introduced and held the audience in rapt attention as she pictured India life and labor. Her long stay in that country, the careful study of its history and customs, the clear and pertinent manner in which she presented facts and experiences, rendered her address a most enjoyable and profitable one. Mrs. Humphrey will always be a welcome speaker to any audience desiring information from the field to which she has given so many years.

Following her, came one whom the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society delights to honor. The name of Clara A. Swain will always send a thrill of thanksgiving through the hearts of all who are seeking the comfort or elevation of pagan women. She spoke of the providential openings for medical work among the women of India, and gave interesting incidents connected with her practice. Her address was brief, but full of interest, and her presence among us an inspiration. All will rejoice to know that she is constantly gaining in strength, and hopes to be able to return to India in the autumn.

Another missionary had unexpectedly appeared in the audience, and was called to the front, and no words spoken that day were more welcome and full of encouragement than the hearty greeting of Rev. S. L. Hauser. He was in India when war and famine left great numbers helpless, and he spoke with great enthusiasm of the satisfactory investment he made in "purchasing" for a trifle some orphan boys who are now preachers of the Gospel.

Immediately after his address, the following resolutions were adopted by the Society: Whereas, Mrs. Dr. Patten, president of this branch from its organization, is compelled by pecuniary straits to decline reelection to this office, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That we have accepted her resignation with the greatest regret, recognized it as one of the greatest losses that God will raise up laborers for His work.

2. That we feel the utmost gratitude to Mrs. Patten for her long and faithful devotion to the duties of her office, and for her untiring efforts in behalf of the Society.

3. That we deeply sympathize with her in the continued illness of Dr. Patten, and earnestly pray he may be spared to us many years to his family and to the Church he has so efficiently served.

This interesting meeting was closed with the benediction by Rev. Brother Hauser.

EDUCATIONAL.

An elective course in Chinese is proposed at Harvard.

The income of the Peabody Education Fund, which in 1876 was \$100,000, in 1877 was but \$60,000.

Rev. Dr. Dodd, of Vanderbilt University, desires the annual address of the National Wesleyan College Commencement in June.

Seventy-two colleges and universities and twenty-five preparatory schools in the United States have adopted the Roman method of pronouncing Latin.

Professor Simon Newcomb is the second American to be elected a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain, Professor Asa Gray being the first.

All the colored schools in St. Louis are to have colored teachers.

The Medical Department of the University of the city of New York graduated 194 students.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been obliged to ask the State for pecuniary aid. Its usefulness is said to justify the application.

Ninety-seven young women in Wellesley College are studying Greek, which, at present, is only an elective study.

In Chili there are 900 public schools, mostly elementary, and high schools for both sexes.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 25, 1878.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$3.50 @ 4.00; extra, \$4.00 @ 4.50; Middling, \$4.50 @ 5.00; St. Louis, \$4.75 @ 5.00; Southern Flour, \$5.75 @ 6.00.

RICE—Common, \$1.25 @ 1.50; Extra, \$1.50 @ 1.75.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, \$0.50 @ 0.55; bush.

OATS—\$0.40 @ 0.45; bush.

WHEAT—No. 1, \$1.25 @ 1.50; No. 2, \$1.00 @ 1.25.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$1.00 @ 1.25; clover, \$1.00 @ 1.25.

BEAN—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

PEAS—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

APPLES—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

ORANGES—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

LEMONS—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

PEARS—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

RAISINS—Malaga, \$1.00 @ 1.25; Sultan, 10c @ 12c.

DATE—\$0.50 @ 0.60; quality.

CITRUS—\$0.50 @ 0.60; quality.

PEACHES—\$0.50 @ 0.60; quality.

MAPLE SUGAR—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

MAPLE SYRUP—No. 1, \$1.00 @ 1.25; No. 2, \$0.75 @ 1.00.

REMARKS.—There is a better feeling in the Flour market, and the downward tendency has been checked; but the transactions are not large. There is a better feeling in the market for wheat, and the downward tendency has been checked; but the transactions are not large. There is a better feeling in the market for wheat, and the downward tendency has been checked; but the transactions are not large.

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There is a better feeling in



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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1878.

There is no special change in the status of the Eastern question, save that a clearer announcement of its character has been officially made by Earl Derby. England does not so much insist that all the conditions of peace shall be submitted to the Congress for its decision, as that they shall be presented for discussion; that it may decide whether of them affect European interests. Here Russia and England take direct issue, and all the great Powers, with the exception of France, oppose the demand of England. Great Britain has an iron-clad fleet of thirteen vessels near Constantinople, and sees no reason why she should withdraw them from their present position; and Russia has insured herself the possibility of having a considerable portion of her troops always around the Turkish capital until the final settlement of the terms of the treaty. Preparations for war are vigorously hurried forward by both England and Russia. In spite of this apparent positive disagreement of the two great nations which have the most at stake, we still feel very confident that no violent collision will occur, but that the diplomats of Europe will find some form of compromise by which the opposing interests can be harmonized. Turkey seems to be entirely left out of the question in the present state of the discussion.

Mr. Moody's visit to Boston awakened much of the enthusiasm which attended the latter portion of his labors in the Tabernacle last year. Although there were many days of stormy weather, large congregations gathered to listen to his discourses, and to the familiar, but always impressive, singing of Mr. Sankey. These audiences were drawn in from a wide circuit. We heard the announcements of the various meetings held in a church twenty-five miles from the city, and prayers offered for their success; and probably the same notice and requests were read in hundreds of congregations. The day (Wednesday) devoted to Gospel temperance meetings was one of remarkable interest. The great hall was too small for the audiences that wished to be present in the afternoon and evening. Some two hundred and fifty forming an admirable choir, attended, and added much to the enthusiasm of the occasion. Many of the redeemed men were present, and gave testimony to the permanence of the work that had been wrought in them. A city clergyman said he had received twenty-five of these reformed men into his Church, and some of them had become his best Christian workers. Mr. Murphy was present, in hearty sympathy with the meeting, making one of his earnest, tender and devout addresses.

There have been many attendants upon the inquiry meetings during the week, and a large number have professed conversion. The evangelists have lost nothing in physical vigor, in the earnestness and simplicity of their services, or in their marvelous power over the immense crowds that gather to hear them preach and sing. Thanks be to God for all the favor He gives them among the masses of unconverted and tempted men!

A new class of men have become awakened in New York city to the terrible evils attending the sale and use of alcoholic liquors, as a beverage, through the efforts of Dr. Howard Crosby. Under an old license law hundreds of liquor saloons have been closed, and the Sabbath sale limited. This law the liquor sellers attempted to have repealed at the present session of the New York Legislature, under the plea of securing a more efficient one, and one operating equally throughout the State; but they have signally failed. Dr. Crosby is sanguine in the expectation of limiting to hotels and druggists the sale of liquors, in the city, the coming season. A very spirited and interesting public meeting was held on Sunday evening, the 17th, in Tammany Hall—a most remarkable place for a rousing temperance service. William E. Dodge presided. Dr. Willard Parker made a very impressive speech, showing the terrible hereditary effects of alcohol. Chief Justice Davis, of the Supreme Court, whose vigorous course upon the bench has greatly aided Dr. Crosby and his co-laborers in their work, said, in an excellent speech:—

"I am not, and never professed to be, a total abstinence man. I never took part in a temperance meeting before, and never spoke on temperance until a few nights ago. But for twenty years I have

been a living witness in favor of temperance. In March, 1857—twenty-one years ago this month—the governor commissioned me as Justice of the Supreme Court, and since then, except for a brief period, I have fulfilled the duties of my position in this city and State. If I could recall the procession of crime that has passed before my eyes, and point for you the scenes which were largely the result of indulgence in drink—so many persons condemned, nearly all of whom in this exigency of their lives confessed that they were brought to by temperance—I think you would feel that I am justified in standing here and speaking for temperance. What shall we do? If each one would say, 'I will cast my influence for temperance, there would be no trouble about this. Hence, for one, I feel justified in making my first appearance here on the boards of Tammany Hall; here to do my part for temperance, in favor of law, order, happiness and prosperity; and against vice, crime, and all its thousand terrible consequences.'

Would that some of our leading ministers who have stood aloof from the great reform, would come to the front, and some of our judges, who have never heretofore made temperance addresses, would join them, and aid in the endeavor to close up these death-breathing halls, and save our youth from a drunkard's fate and a drunkard's grave!

The Observer has a bright letter from a lady correspondent, who had listened, a short time before, to a very earnest missionary address at a Methodist Conference, from an eloquent Professor, who became particularly demonstrative against his lady hearers, demanding, with no little authority of tone and violence of language, their jewelry as a free will offering to the Lord, and denouncing their \$500 shawls, their expensive style of dresses, and their flashing diamonds. Now, this bright sister, who has enjoyed the experience of nearly a half century, was disposed to think that the number of these \$500 shawls, in an average audience, was very limited; and she also thought, a rich shawl was usually not so much the choice of the lady as the gift of a husband or father; and, as it lasted a life-time, was not, after all, so expensive or uneconomical a garment. But the open-eyed and critical hearer noticed that, in the earnestness of the speaker, as he raised his arms, he occasioned a double flash of light by his rich gold sleeve buttons, while a fine gold chain across his vest suggested a valuable gold watch at the end of it; and though he had a clerical vest that clasped his neck, there was a fair presumption of valuable studs upon his shirt bosom beneath. Besides, there were significant signs of the pleasant indulgence of smoking, on the part of the speaker. The lady waited in vain to hear the falling of his golden ornaments upon the collection plate, or of his pledge to give the hundred dollars he spent annually upon cigars to the missionary cause. Falling in this, the pathetic eloquence of our Professor was lost upon her. Let us not throw stones at other glass houses, but set brave and beautiful examples of self-denial. Woman is rarely second in sacrifice. It is to please the other sex, as much as to gratify her own vanity, that determines her taste in dress. We may well quietly confess to each other our weaknesses, and provoke each other to love and good works in the cause of truth and human redemption.

It is the misfortune of every Church to be cursed with a squad of clerical bunnies, mere hangers-on, who use their position in the ministry to secure some worldly advantage. They are not mere drones, who bring no honey to the hive; they make the hive a base for depredations on the outlying world. In seasons of prosperity, when spoils abound, they travel far out from their base, and often become encumbered with much plunder; but a reverse in business not seldom finds them again bare as a plucked fowl, and hastening to the head-quarters of the army. To do honest and steady work in the ranks is no part of their purpose, and yet they are extremely reluctant to cut loose from their centre, as it affords them so convenient a refuge in the cloudy and rough day. Such a course is the making of the ministry a mere convenience; and the men who practice it are a nuisance, which needs to be abated as soon as possible.

Your religion is designed to be a means of persuasion to those outside. But in order to secure this end, it must needs find expression in your conduct. Your inner life is hidden; men are not able to see directly what you are, and hence are obliged to wait till those interior affections record themselves in external acts. The pious emotions you may indulge, the elevated thoughts you may cherish, the pure desires you may feel, become a persuasive power only when translated into deeds. Men of the world understand a good deed, and are affected by it, and are slow to believe you have any genuine religion, till it passes out of the domain of mere personal experience into that of the practical duties of real life.

The best test of your religion is use. You were saved to do somebody some good; and you may be sure you never know exactly where you are, till you get about that work. To think well of Christ, to indulge in sentiment, to give free rein to the emotions and sympathies, require in many natures but an infinitesimal measure of grace; but to attend to the stern demands of duty, to enter the common world, and to persistently make yourself of some practical use to your fellow-beings in their endeavors after a better life, become tolerable only to a heart enflamed by the love of Christ and kindled by the hopes of the Gospel.

Genuine religion begins, but is not confined, in the heart. The world is its parish. Like the Master, it goes about to do good. Such a soul in which it finds its birth, is the initial point of measureless influences. The river of paradise,

bursting forth from its heavenly source, parts into many heads, and sends forth healing streams to the ends of the earth.

## NEITHER TO BE FEARED NOR ABUSED.

Brought up, as most of us have been, upon Fox's Book of Martyrs, familiar with the story of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and of the burning stakes at Smithfield, with our imaginations inflamed and our memories laden with the fearful tragedies attending the birth of the Dutch Republic, the struggle of the United Netherlands with the Catholic king of Spain, the crimson history of the rise and progress of the great Protestant reform against Papacy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the politico-religious revolts of European nations in the nineteenth century against the arrogant assumptions of the temporal power on the part of the priesthood; and in the immediate vision of the tenacity with which the Roman hierarchy clings to its traditional customs and to its asserted right of meddling with the affairs of government, and of shaping its counsels for its own advancement, in Germany and France, in Austria, Spain and Italy; with an awakened sensibility, aroused by the utterances of Bismarck, the essays of Gladstone, and the "short studies" of Froude, there is a natural liability to fall into two unwholesome lines of thought and action in regard to the Roman Catholics in our country.

We may look upon them with an unmanly and an unchristian fear, and be a little disposed to exceed the bounds of a just vigilance in guarding our own rights, and refuse to them the manifest claims of fellow citizens.

We have not the slightest doubt that very active, well-trained and skillful minds inspire and control the movements of this great Church in America. While, doubtless, there is a constantly disintegrating influence operating through the silent forces of our enlightened communities and free institutions, which pervades the intellectual atmosphere, it is equally true that the great body of Roman Catholics can be moved as a unit to accomplish ecclesiastical results; and by availing themselves of the nearly equally balanced parties in our politics, the heads of the Church can often secure pecuniary and sectarian advantages, and can make encroachments upon Protestant traditions and immunities. It is only too evident that, in cities like New York, with a large Roman Catholic population, they have by this means built up for themselves, not from their own resources, but from the common tax, large establishments for educational, charitable and reformatory purposes. The Roman Church everywhere exhibits the same unappeasable hunger for real estate, for endowed establishments, and for the gathering into the hands of the priesthood the central sources of power.

In this country, although in many places the public funds have been thus used (not, indeed, in New England), excellent institutions of learning and charity have been established, multitudes of churches have been built, and the Roman Catholic population, adults and children, have been greatly improved, still comparatively little successful religious propaganda has been put forth. The Roman Catholics have contributed an hundred-fold more to Protestantism, in converts, than have been won from the latter to this Medieval Church. The encroachment upon Protestantism has rather been in the direction of her common funds, her institutions; upon her public schools, especially in seeking to secure a division of the money expended for general education; upon the quiet sanctity of the afternoon, at least, of her holy Sabbath; upon the circulation of the received Scriptures, and in efforts to introduce sectarian services into prisons and reformatories.

With such a history, with such modern illustrations of it, with our own experience of the assumptions and pertinacity of this Church, it would be the height of wisdom not to carefully mark the movements of this great body, and stand earnestly for the defense of the truth that has been bought at such a price of suffering and blood.

But there is no occasion for foreboding fear. The world is moving forward, not backward. The stars fight with the truth. Christ's presence and perpetuating grace are pledged to His own pure faith. We are moving towards light, not darkness. Both Protestantism and Romanism feel the power of the nineteenth century and the leaving influences of the Christian Gospel which they hold in common. If Romanism produces a purer form of piety, a holier life, a truer consecration to God and to the work of human redemption, she will grow faster than Protestantism. If not, not. There is more danger to Protestantism from worldliness and doubt than from ritualism and Romanism. If a darker day, a less liberal form of government, and a limited number of Protestant believers gave a death blow to the political and ecclesiastical tyranny of Romanism, the present great body of fraternal, evangelical Christians, under the most favorable political auspices, ought certainly, without perturbation or anxiety, to be able to defend the faith for which early saints offered their bodies to be burned, and to preserve their institutions from unfriendly modifications.

Certainly we are too strong in the promise of God and in our trust in the ultimate triumph of truth, to fear to be generous and to take the Christian stand on every question of civil, social and religious rights. We ought to be too self-contained and informed with

the spirit of our Master to fall into denunciations, to forget the Golden Rule, to withhold a manifest right, to do what we would not have done to ourselves in a like position, to fear that the heavens will fall if justice prevails, to plant ourselves upon a temporary and questionable expedient rather than upon an established principle, and to seek to secure, by the power of a majority, what the enlightened conscience of the world and the fitness of things would not affirm to be truth and righteousness.

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

MR. EDITOR: Since my last, I have been across the dividing river, and seen London on the south side of the Thames. The Surrey side, as it is called, is the inferior section of London, but is of itself an enormous city. It is connected with the richer and more aristocratic side by several bridges of attractive architecture and substantial workmanship. Across these bridges there is forever flowing a tide of humanity, carriages and teams of every description, that almost bewilders the observer; while beneath, steamers, barges, and other craft are hurried up and down. In America, this would hardly be dignified with the name of a river; but if dignity is obtained by the business done upon them, the Thames and the Mersey are the noblest rivers of the world.

A view from Westminster Bridge is worth a long journey, and one lingers here, and looks up and down, and on either side, and finds an almost endless variety of interest. We take a little steamer at Chelsea, at the western end of London, and touch at Battersea Park on the right, and if inclined, spend a few hours roaming through its beautiful walks, and even in the depth of winter, find flowers and green, velvety grass in abundance, which, to a New Englander, is wonderful, considering the fact that we are seven or eight hundred miles north of Boston. But frosts and snows are seldom known here, and notwithstanding mists, and rains, and fogs, the winter is enjoyable.

Sailing with the current, we soon come to Lambeth Palace, on the south bank. This is an old, unattractive structure, occupied by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Tait is the Primate of all England, and is the second person in dignity in the realm. In a country with an established Church, such a dignitary is a man of note. He and his fellow bishops represent the Church in the House of Lords, and are conspicuous, wearing the white robes, which form a contrast with the sombre black of the rest of the house. They sit upon the right of the Lord Chancellor, who occupies the wool-sack, and are close beside the throne. Dr. Tait, though first in rank, is by no means the most imposing of the bench of bishops.

A little below Lambeth Palace are the extensive buildings of St. Thomas Hospital, perhaps the most celebrated in England or the world. Directly opposite, is the Parliament building, standing upon the very edge of the river. Its great square tower, over the House of Lords, and its clock tower at the eastern end, are conspicuous in architecture, gilding and proportions. Not as imposing in situation, or in form, as the Capitol at Washington, yet this is wonderful, within and without, for its ornamentation and dimensions. Large as it is, however, the halls for the Lords and Commons are of mean proportions, and seem to have been constructed with a set purpose to exclude visitors. With friends at hand, we easily gain admission, but to the uninitiated it seems hardly worth the trouble to attempt to get a sight of the law makers of the realm.

Just across the street is the ever-existing Westminster Abbey, with its Gothic arches of beauty, its almost countless monuments, and its honored sleepers. The sight of its ancient walls is a sermon, a song of praise, a prayer, and a benediction. "I have been there, and still will go."

Just at this point, we shoot under Westminster Bridge, and are passing object after object of interest. One of the grand undertakings of London is the Thames embankment, which commences here, and stretches along the north bank of the river. An enduring wall of hewn granite, rising high above the point of danger from overflow, forms a splendid boundary between the city and the Thames. This gives an opportunity for the formation of the broad, beautiful highway along the bank. Thriving trees, little inclosures filled with flowers and shrubs, and the busy river below, make this a promenade of great attraction. On this embankment, to be seen from all the bridges, and by all who pass up and down the river, it has been decided to place the obelisk, which has, by ingenious device, been recently brought from Egypt. An iron cylinder was built for its reception. This was made watertight and launched upon the sea, and thus the monstrous monolith was conveyed to its distant, and probably everlasting, standing place. This is similar to the one in Paris, and will soon be raised to its position. Would it not be well for Boston to embellish her Common with a similar ancient shaft from the land of the Pharaohs and the days of Moses?

Just here is Somerset House, the ancient royal residence, now transformed into record offices. It forms an imposing feature of the picture, and must have been a charming residence before London had so perfectly hemmed it in. All our voyage one building has towered above the rest, and seems to look down, as guardian, upon river, palaces, and people. Its dome, its gilded cross, its length and breadth, of all buildings in England, belong only to St. Paul's. It is appropriately inscribed by Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, "If you seek his monument, look around;" for in building that structure he reared an immortal monument to himself.

But we must not stop, and so we glide under London Bridge, the busiest of them all, and the odor that fills the air tells us that we are passing Billingsgate, with its slang, its fish, both fresh and stale, and its nauseating fumes. We have heard of it with our ears, but now our eye sees it, our olfactory detects it, and we are willing to pass by on the other side.

Five minutes more, and our little craft has reached the square, gray, turreted, and gloomy Tower of London. Opening on the river, beneath a stone archway, we see the traitor's gate, through which many a victim passed from the river to the dungeon. Most of those who went up that dismal stair, never came down again. If we enter, we find the block is there, the axe is there, the dungeons are there, the inscriptions cut upon the doors and walls of dark, narrow, damp cells by the occupants are still there, and "all the waters of the deep, dark sea cannot wash the dismal stains away." It smells of death; it tells of cruelty refined; it bears the anathema of heroic men, of delicate women, of innocent children. We stand on Tower Hill, close by, where the bloody work of beheading was done, and think of Paul on Mars Hill, and his denunciations. But that was in heathen Athens, and this was in Christian London. What would he have said if he had stood here? In mocking contrast with dungeons, executions, and breaking hearts, we see here the depository of the crown jewels, and look upon the glitter and beauty which for ages past and to come belong to the living and the joyful, for "the king never dies."

To change the scene, we step outside the walls, pass down a winding stair, and take a seat in a little car. In a few moments we are shot through a tunnel under the Thames, and emerge on the southern bank. We just look across and see the Tower and the intervening river, and in a moment find ourselves back again. We have passed beneath the sea, and escaped the fate of Pharaoh. Above us have floated freighted argosies, and we are not crushed.

We now leave the attractions of the great city, and inclosed upon our left, as we sail down the river, are seen countless ships of every clime. These docks, and those at Liverpool, are wonderful. Huge walls of masonry enclose great basins of water. The ships are floated in through immense gates, when the tide is up. The gates are then closed, and within there is no rise or fall of tide. This greatly facilitates the loading or unloading of vessels, and secures against danger and inconvenience. Fabulous sums of money have been expended in the construction of these docks, and they may be expected to stand, needing but little repair, for a thousand years. Such things, in this country, are built to be perpetual, and they command our confidence and respect.

We hurry on past the Isle of Dogs, and soon land at Greenwich. Here we first inspect the famous Naval Hospital, and soon the sea pictures in the great hall, and find everything naval smacks of Nelson. His pictures, his statues, his monuments, are everywhere. We take a lunch of the famous white bait—a fish about two inches long, and said to be found nowhere but in the Thames. Whence they come, and what they grow to be, has never yet been decided; but they are a rare little fish, and it is one of the wonders of divine chemistry that such a delicious morsel can be extracted from the mud and filth of the polluted river. When State ministers have their annual dinner, and aldermen take an occasional feast, it is at Greenwich, and white bait is the rarity. All visitors wish to taste for once this delicacy, and depart to boast that they have dined like aldermen.

Refreshed, we climb the hill in the neighboring park, and visit the famous observatory, which, every child has learned, stands nowhere, as far as longitude is concerned. All the geographers of the world count this zero, and reckon from it east and west to the opposite side of the globe. How many hundred times we have said in our childhood, "So many degrees east, or west, from Greenwich," as we have been asked to locate the famous cities of the earth; and all your readers have done the same. Such a spot becomes to us rather mystical, and when we visit it, and find it a reality, it carries us back to hard benches, childhood lessons, Peter Parley, and all the laughing, rollicking group with whom we began to climb the hill of science. Many such places come to us in traveling, and we were recently impressed with an old boyish declamation, when in the glorious city of Munich we strolled down to the rushing river, and suddenly recalled the words,—

"And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Isar rolling rapidly."

Here was the Isar, and the description was perfect. So "the Arve and the Arveiron race ceaselessly at thy base, O sovereign Blanc!" Thus our manhood leaped back to our childhood, and we live it over, repeat its lessons, and declaim again its heroic stanzas.

But we have wandered far away from Greenwich, and, as the night comes on, we must return and take the tide of the famous river for an hour or more, we land and wend our way to our temporary home, and talk and dream of the ineffaceable picture we

have been gazing upon all day. It has lights and shadows, beauties and deformities, and, however often we look upon the same scene, we feel that it never wears us. 'Tis old, 'tis new! It has kindled our imagination in anticipation, and gratified us in realization. It so impresses us, that we could never forget it if we would, and we certainly would never forget it if we could.

If some of our graceful, swift-going American steamers could be placed upon the Thames, it would be a luxury, for those now employed are small, open to the weather, and uncomfortably crowded; and the same may be said of the passage of the Channel. But this people are slow to change, and there has been but little improvement in their steamers for the last twenty years. For true comfort in traveling by water, or by land, there is no nation which has yet equaled the American. But the attractions of these old lands and cities reconcile us to the inconveniences, and we feel little inclined to criticism. We soon forget the troubles and discomforts, and fondly remember the overbalancing gratification.

J. B. GOULD.

London, Feb. 18, 1878.

## Editorial Items.

A society of ladies has been formed, and incorporated by the State of Massachusetts, under the title of the *Missa Society for the University Education of Women*. Its first annual report, showing its object and the work already accomplished, is a very interesting document. Its prime object is to aid young women in pursuing their studies in collegiate and professional schools. The ladies, during a portion of the season, have meetings for the discussion of educational questions, and to listen to appropriate lectures. Seven of these were held last fall. The ladies interested themselves very warmly in the successful effort to obtain the same opportunities for girls in Boston to secure a training for college, as is now enjoyed by the boys.

The society has now entered upon a broader work. It proposes to establish a professorship in Boston University to be filled by a lady. They have issued a circular in which a committee of the ladies say:—"Boston University was organized without discrimination of any kind against women. They are already represented in the Board of Trustees, in three of the Faculties, and in three of the departments. Women are young women as students have the same rights and privileges as young men. No college traditions have been formed in which they have not had a joint interest. Their presence has created an atmosphere and a type of manners very different from those found in the colleges for men alone. During the current year one hundred and sixty-five young women have been admitted to the University, thirty-nine of whom are pursuing classical studies in the College of Liberal Arts. This college are ranked as additional professors, yet for lack of means the trustees are unable to provide additional salaries. The members of the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women, appreciating the liberal foundation of this University, desire to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure the permanent appointment of a woman to a professorship in this department. It is hoped that the knowledge of these facts among the friends of liberal education will not only deepen their interest in the institution, but also awaken a hearty desire to aid in the endeavor of such a professorship. Women have given and annually give very large sums to the older colleges for men, and in this they do well; but it is shorter not to forget that by extending their gifts to this University, they are directly benefiting their own sex while equally creating advantages for the other."

If such an endowment is secured, the University will be enabled to place at least one woman of high culture and character in the most important Faculty of the institution. The sum required is forty thousand dollars. If fifty thousand dollars are raised, a Woman's Lectureship can be established with the additional ten thousand dollars, and thus a second woman can be added to the Board of instruction.

In response to an inquiry as to the willingness of the trustees of the University to accept of the true following communication has been received:—"In case the proposed sum is raised and entrusted to this corporation, we hereby engage to establish the desired professorship in the College of Liberal Arts, to appoint a woman of high culture and character to the position, and to apply the income of the fund from year to year to her support and to that of her successors, who shall always be women, and in general to the support of the University, and to the enjoyment of the other professors of the college."

Subscriptions may be sent to any member of the committee: Mrs. William Clifton, Newburyport, Mass.; Miss Anna E. Johnson, Bradford; Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Andover; Mrs. Thomas Talbot, Billerica; Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, 155 Boylston St., Boston; Mrs. Richard Halliwell, West Medford; Mrs. L. Tisdale Talbot, 66 Marlborough St., Boston.

The periodicals for the young people are now fairly competing in literary ability and in artistic beauty with the great mouthpieces which divide the patronage of the country. Our Boston *Wide Awake* and *Justified* are lively and attractive titles. Each number gives some fresh evidence of the vigilance and talent of its managing editor, and of the liberality of the publisher. The April number has a supplement of sixteen pages, giving an illustrated story by Mrs. Swisshelm, entitled, "Tom and Others," and several shorter pieces, all relating to natural history. There is the usual variety of interesting stories, poems and essays, with numerous illustrations, among which Caroline Metcalf's "Child's Calendar" is particularly worthy of notice. Miss Brown, in a new chapter of her "Child Terrors of Boston," gives an interesting account of "Ash Pickers." There is a pleasant paper by Mrs. White, the subject being Spenser, with a portrait of the poet. Parlor Pastimes, Prize Guess-work and Music are among the attractions of the number, which is a capital one.

The *Northeastern* records, in an appreciative and tender editorial, the death of Oliver A. Willard, editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*, brother of Miss Frances E. Willard. His bereaved wife is a daughter of Dr. Henry Banister of the Theological Seminary, Evanston. Says the editor:—"He died suddenly at the Palmer House, Sunday, March 17, at half past ten A. M. On the previous Thursday, he had taken sick and was unable to go to his home in Evanston. Thursday night, Friday, and Saturday night, he lay on his bed, oppressed by gasping vomiting, diarrhoea, low pulse and difficult breathing. Medical attendance was given by Dr. J. S. Jewell, and all, including his faithful wife, looked for his recovery. At midnight after Saturday a messenger recalled Dr. Jewell, who remained with his patient until four o'clock Sunday morning, when the former, noting Mr. Willard's falling strength, informed him that unless he rallied within an hour, he should despair of his life. Mr. Willard put himself into God's hand, and earnestly prayed for full witness of acceptance. The good Father came to His child, and during his remaining hours of consciousness he was sustained in those supreme moments. The medical record is, Mr. Willard died of hemorrhage of the bowels."

Our old friend and correspondent of Zion's Herald, Rev. Dr. M. C. Briggs, who is known in former days in this vicinity, whose brightly letters are always welcomed by our readers, in a characteristic contribution to the *California Advocate*, submits Rev. Mr. Kallioh, a Baptist clergyman of San Francisco, who had not a very enviable reputation during some portion of his ministry at the Tremont Temple in this city, as scoring criticism for his unwise and unchristian attack, in a lecture delivered in Sacramento city, upon the Chinese. Says Dr. Briggs:—

"The lecturer mapped the eighteen provinces of the Empire and gave the prodigious figures of their population, exaggerating the number only about a hundred million, which is rather moderate for this sort of lecturers. He then launched into an amusing description of the habits of the wastrels. He is the antipodes of the white man, socially, untrustworthy, morally. He is humanity inverted, diverted, reversed, perverted, and everything but converted. He is the concrete *questio vexata*, the breathing enigma, the perambulating riddle of the age, the bright and blot on our civilization. His civilization is the oldest, his tenacity of life the greatest, his government the most stable, his perseverance the most indomitable among the nations. He is incurably foreign, unassimilable, antagonistic. He lives in a shanty, sleeps on a board, and dines on a rat. He takes our work, our trades, our implements, our arts, but never takes our religion deep enough to cut off his cue—that badge of heathenism. He is as accessible to any other people do not show the slightest sign of your remarkable townsman. He is a Chinaman. Mr. Kallioh has had no experience in the line of earnest personal effort among the Chinese, and is sadly deficient in philosophical acumen and candor. He is the victim of an uneducated and reckless imagination. Precisely the same lame logic have made him a fallacious panegyrist of the Celestial Empire, and the popular whim chanced to take a different direction. Should the voluble lecturer even get down to facts, he is as accessible to the same extremity, and all the essential obstacles to his conversion are the familiar ones which lie in fallen human nature. He would be as susceptible to kindness, as easily reached, and as divinely saved as any other pagan or heathen. He is a Chinaman, a complete copy of human nature, and nothing more. When Mr. K. undertakes to reprimand the clergy of the Chinese, he challenges of practical wisdom in this crisis, he challenges a comparison which charity would find have passed in vain. It is a disgraceful incongruity when the instincts of the demagogue and the culpable ignorance of the street brawler assert themselves in such unbecomingly relations with Christianian ambassadorship."

The *Catholic World* is the ablest and fairest of the publications of the Roman Catholic body in this country. While a devoted advocate of Romanism, it has many persons in its monthly issues of general interest. It also meets with a manly frankness the criticisms of Protestantism, and stands up bravely for the purity, the progressiveness and the divinity of its infallible Church. An able paper is given in the April number upon the Protestantism of the Christian era, a century before Christ. The Political Union of Italy is considered from a papal point of view; a very sharp criticism is given upon the charge of Political Papacy made against the Roman Church, and of the German Treatment of Catholic Bishops under the new régime. The other articles are varied, composed of stories, poetry, and descriptive papers.

Dr. Kynett is eminently successful in two important functions of his office as secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the M. E. Church. He knows how to organize and manage its broad and difficult administration, and he also knows how to make a very interesting and valuable report. His Annual Report for 1877, which is a very interesting and useful manual. Its map, which is an admirable novelty, presents to the eye, at a glance, and in a most impressive manner, the work of the society for the year. The whole history of the Board from its establishment, with a full account of its organization and administration, and an unnecessary defense of its economy and efficiency, with specimens of the relief it has given and the calls for it, with selections from the press showing the appreciation of this work in all parts of the land, with a collection of elevations and descriptions of cheap but tasteful churches, and much instructive miscellany—all this will be found in the report, which is so handsomely published report. Since its origin, in 1865, the society has collected \$1,161,619.06. Of this amount \$290,550.13 belong to the Loan Fund, which is a perpetual endowment, and is used to aid Churches by temporary loans. The board has aided 2,132 Churches, 1,618 of them receiving donations, and 551 loans. If these figures, which are so impressive, are scattered among the people, "Wisdom is justified of her children." The best speech in favor of this important society is the simple statement of its work.

The meeting of the Social Union on Monday evening, March 18th, was one of unusual interest. Although a stormy night, there was a large attendance. Arrangements have been perfected for a series of practical discussions upon denominational questions of present interest. The first was held on this occasion, Dr. Dorchester leading with a well-digested address upon the subject. He was followed by Dr. L. R. Thayer, Revs. W. S. Studley, H. A. Cleveland and B. K. Peirce. The present year promises to be one of great interest and profit to the members, and new names are offered for its fellowship. Some who have not attended for years, are returning.

The departure of our excellent assistant, and a change in the editorial room, brought to light some two or three scores of manuscripts that had passed under editorial review and been sent forward to take their chances for insertion in our columns. It would have been some solace to these disappointed authors, had they known that they had been seen the appalled look of the editor as these overland contributions were found, one after another, and their subjects and authors' names were read. Certain excellent papers, from valued writers, whose uncomfortable emotions at not seeing them in print could only be too readily imagined, were among the number. The most pathetic sight was the appended postscript: "If not accepted, please return." They were indeed "accepted," but so, they are called, but few are chosen. It is not the waste-basket that receives many of the favors of our writers, but the quick oblivion of over-crowded drawers. Some of these will experience an easier resurrection; and some, alas, have perished of old age! We throw ourselves upon the "mercy of the court," and can only hope to enjoy the privilege of doing the same thing again.

That mercy we to others show  
That mercy show to us."

We had a very pleasant call at our editorial rooms from Rev. A. W. Nicholson, book steward and editor of the *Wesleyan*, Halifax, N. S. Mr. Nicholson is visiting the States in the interest of the Wesleyan Book Depository, which, we are glad to know, is enjoying much prosperity. The efficient paper gives constant evidence of the vigor and intelligence of its editor.

Our patient sister, who is right to a voice in which the lives, more another year in Mission of woman's aid to the Massachusetts Convention this year. The committee was notified report was it was thoughtful, willing to record of permitting women part in town and some one hundred voted in opposition evident than that of time, and the women will be so privileged, by who, with her brother of a common government dear to herself as to and preservation of abilities and common

The *Princeton* is a cheap one. It is a subscription price of \$2 the year, for March, pages—quite a large fourteen elaborate paper and their breadth of the scope the new régime, and with which it is a Cooley open with a State Control of her followed by President Design in Nature; the Order Salutes; the Opening of the State Hall, on Evil in the Spaulding on the Bible Prof. L. H. Atwater, Education in the State Dualism, Materialism, theanuel West, No Pres Archibald Alexander Schopenhauer's Fest the pagan or heathen moon, of Edinburgh Spectre Rule in Germ Evolution from Mead Cooley, on Conscience Mind and Brain. To we shall have occasion The office of publication is 37 Park Row, New

There seems to be necessity for a new Court. The courts are now what is worse, the new and attendants are so full of ill-ventilated however, the idea is fine, up start so many of different sites, that can be secured. On its face, and the meets with considerable the courts, to build of section with the City present one Court Architect of March, a sensible note, the plan should be the most found to be the most and besides this, the requisitions of the

Mr. Braden, another teacher of our Boston, is to be a really able lesson. Seminary, beginning Parlo's classes in the She makes, before the explaining how and why, not that way, making and plain.

Mr. Braden, director of his European with his party have ferent routes, with vitz: \$400, \$450, \$500 route which has costs \$500; but all the for portions of the trip his pupils, if they are recommended, may be







## The Family.

## THE GUEST.

Speechless sorrow sat with me;  
I was sighing wearily.  
Lump and fire were out; the rain  
Wildly beat the window-pane.  
In the dark we heard a knock,  
And a hand was on the lock;  
One in waiting spoke to me,  
Saying sweetly,  
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;  
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;  
Light the fire and cheer thy face;  
Set the guest-chair in its place."  
And again I heard the knock;  
In the dark I found the lock.  
"Enter," I have turned the key!  
Enter, stranger,  
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came,  
But I could not speak his name;  
In the guest-chair took his place,  
But I could not see his face!  
When my cheerful face was beaming,  
When my little lamp was gleaming,  
And the feast was spread for three,  
Lo! my Master  
Was the guest that supped with me!  
—Northwestern.

## THE KHEDIVES EGYPT;

OR, THE OLD HOUSE OF BONAPARTE UNDER NEW MASTERS.

BY MRS. MARY D. WELCH.

The writer pleads, as an apology for contributing another to the numerous works on Egypt, its exceptional advantages of many years' residence in its official capacity, its intimate public and private relations with the last three rulers, and his recent return from that country. He gives a graphic view of the changes wrought in the old "House of Bonaparte" by Mehemet Ali and his successors, and its present condition, "when the dawn of a new civilization seems breaking over that portion of the East which hitherto the first, long ago Greece or Rome had emerged from the 'double darkness of Night and Night's daughter, Ignorance.'"

Mehemet Ali, founder of the present Egyptian dynasty, within the memory of persons now living, found Alexandria a mass of ruins and rubbish, a nest of needy fishermen and pirates, and left it a city. He found all Egypt a chaos; he left it a country. He created not only an empire, but a people, out of the dozen different nationalities, which then, as now, constitute the Egyptian amalgam we vaguely term Egyptians. Nature had made Egypt agricultural; Mehemet Ali determined she should be manufacturing too! At great expense he imported large quantities of costly machinery, with skilled operatives at high wages, but the skeleton ruins of his vast mills show the whole scheme to have been a failure.

The successor of Mehemet was his warrior son, Ibrahim, who swept like a flame through Syria and Arabia, his military genius his chief characteristic, and the record of his battles, the record of his life. His reign lasted but seventeen days after his inauguration. Between his reign and the present Khedive, two others intervened—Abbas Pacha and Said Pacha—who, though members of the same family, were antipodes in every particular, physical and moral. The former, "a very Turk of the Turks;" the latter, a noble, manly character, a man of liberal views and devoted to the interests of his country. He reigned nine years, and was succeeded by the present ruler, whose accession to the throne is due to an accident.

We might quote many interesting paragraphs from this volume, but will only give space to one, showing how narrowly the Pyramids escaped demolition. A *barage* had been begun under the rule of Mehemet Ali, but was abandoned by Said. A French engineer told Mr. De Leon that he was one day hurriedly summoned to the desert palace of the viceroys. "You are always troubling me about your *barage*," said Abbas, "and an idea has struck me. Those great masses of stone, the Pyramids, are standing there useless. Why not take the stone from them to do the work? Is it not a good idea?"

"Pull down the Pyramids!" stammered the amazed engineer, agnost at the idea that his name would go down to posterity as the destroyer of the Pyramids.

"Yes," impatiently repeated Abbas. "Why not? Are you silly enough to attach any reverence to those ugly, useless piles of stone? See if you can not make use of them for the *barage*. They have helped build Cairo already!"

The Frenchman made his salaam, and retired in despair. What was he to do? The obstinacy of Abbas was ever proof against argument, and he brooked no contradiction to his will. To refuse would be to lose his place; to obey, would, he thought, stamp his name with eternal infamy. Tossing restlessly upon his bed, a bright idea flashed on his mind. He would appeal to the Abbas' avarice. Taking a large sheet of paper, he covered it with long rows of figures and calculations, and armed with this, returned the next day to the viceroys.

"What is all this?" growled Abbas, glancing his eye over the paper. "What rubbish is this you bring me?"

"Highness," was the reply, "after receiving your orders to remove the stones from the Pyramids for the *barage*, I deemed it my duty to make a rough calculation of the cost, and here it is."

"Well, well," said Abbas impatiently, "what do I know about your hieroglyphics? Tell me what it will cost."

The engineer immediately named an enormous sum for the cost of taking down and transporting the stones, and after some severe cross-questioning

from the viceroys, who seemed suspicious, was finally induced to abandon the design, and thus those grand old monuments of Egypt were spared.

From Egypt to Japan, is a volume of travels from the gifted author of "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn." Mr. Field is a keen observer, and knows how to attractively describe what he sees. Although we had just perused Mr. De Leon's work, we went over the same ground with our new guide with interest, for each writes from his own standpoint, and clothes his ideas in his own original manner. It was, however, with special interest that we followed Dr. Field in his travels through India, then up the China Seas to Hong Kong, thence to Japan. Only eight chapters of the twenty-five are devoted to Egypt.

The account of Dr. Field's visit to the Taj is very interesting. We have space for only a brief quotation: "But the jewel of India—the Koh-i-noor of its beauty—is the Taj, the tomb built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, the grandson of Akbar, for his wife, whom he loved with an idolatrous affection, and on her death-bed promised to rear to her memory such a mausoleum as had never been erected before. To carry out his purpose, he gathered architects from all countries, who rivalled each other in the extravagance and costliness of their designs. The result was a structure which cost fabulous sums of money (the whole empire being placed under contribution for it, as were the Jews for the temple of Solomon), and employed twenty thousand workmen for seventeen years. The building thus erected is one of the most famous in the world. . . . It is surrounded by a garden. You enter under a lofty gateway, and before you is an avenue of cypresses a third of a mile long, whose dark foliage is a setting for a form of dazzling whiteness at the end. That is the Taj. It stands on a double terrace, the first of red sandstone, twenty feet high and a thousand feet broad, at the extremities of which stand two mosques, of the same dark stone, facing each other. Midway between, rises the second terrace, of marble, fifteen feet high and three hundred feet square, on the corners of which stand four marble minarets. In the centre of all, thus 'reared in air,' stands the Taj. It is built of marble—pure, stainless, white. It is a hundred and fifty feet square, or rather, it is eight-sided, and surmounted by a dome which rises nearly two hundred feet above the pavement below. . . . Vines and arabesques running over the stone-work give it the lightness of foliage. . . . Enclosing the sacred spot is a screen of marble, carved into a kind of fretwork, and so pure and white that the light shines through it as through alabaster, falling softly on that which is within. The Emperor benevolence of his wife lavished riches on her very dust, casting precious stones upon her tomb, as if he were placing a string of pearls around her neck. It is overrun with flowers, cut in stone, and set with onyx and jasper and lapis lazuli, cornelians, turquoises, chalcodons and sapphires.

"But the body rests in the crypt below. We descend a few steps, and stand by the very sarcophagus in which all that loveliness is enshrined. Another sarcophagus contains the body of her husband. Their tombs were covered with fresh flowers—a perpetual tribute to that love which was so strong even on the throne."

The information afforded in this volume respecting India and the natives, English government, etc., is very ample. A very graphic account of the mutiny at Cawnpore and Lucknow, in 1857, is given. The author treats largely of Hinduism, and shows that Christianity is as yet made very slight progress. The number of missionaries is small compared with the vast population of India. Still there is some advance, though slow. Reginald Radcliffe, of London, said in a recent missionary address: "If we were to divide the world into sixteen parts, it would be twelve parts heathen and Mohammedan, three nominal Christians, and only one part Protestant." Alas! the world is far from being evangelized, and sin lieth at the door of those who do little or nothing to carry the message of the Gospel to the heathen, but lavish untold wealth on those things which profit neither soul nor body.

By Henry M. Field, D. D., Scribner, Armstrong &amp; Co.

## PRAYING JOHNNY;

OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN SOUL-  
SAVING.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

[Continued.]

As specimens of his almost uniform success, I furnish a few extracts from his journal and letters. Receiving his first appointment for Wearside, in the Westgate branch of the Hull circuit, he says: "I left Whitehaven, Sept. 24, 1824, and walked to Carlisle—forty-two miles." The first week of his labors, fifteen were sanctified, and four justified. The records of the second week read as follows:—

"Oct. 3d. While leading a class, two were sanctified wholly. Preached at Westgate at half past one, and at Stanhope at night."

"4th. Swinehopeburn prayer-meeting. The sanctifying power came down, while waiting in silence on God, before the meeting began. A woman said a man had taken a fit. I said he was going to get his soul sanctified. At that moment he fell down and tumbled about the floor, so that three or four

could not hold him. In a little time, three others were rolling about in the same manner. About half an hour after, they rose with uplifted hands, shouting, 'Glory! glory!' and blessing and praising God. All four were fully sanctified, and two set at liberty."

"5th. Preached at Westgate; two were set at liberty."

"6th. Preached at Huntshillford, and held a fellowship meeting; three or four were wholly sanctified, and eight justified."

"7th. Preached at Irethorpeburn; four were sanctified wholly, and two got at liberty."

"Refining fire, go through my heart," etc. They began to fall over on all sides, crying, 'Glory! glory!' and some cried, 'O Lord, enlarge my heart!' Many were astonished. Some ran out of the chapel. To some it appeared nothing but confusion; some were praying with mourners, others rejoicing with believers, and others were singing. Upwards of twenty were sanctified wholly, and three or four were set at liberty. Praise God forever!"

"9th. Preached again at Westgate, and held a prayer-meeting after it. I cannot tell how many were sanctified and justified, but it was believed there were about twenty."

Truly, a glorious week's work! His journal is made up of similar records to the above, showing an almost unbroken course of victory on all his circuits. Occasionally there are notes of extraordinary incidents, of which the following may be given as specimens:—

"Held a love-feast at Nenthead; it was a great day of God. Two men came twenty miles to get sanctified; one of them caught the holy fire, and carried it to Middleton, and now it is spreading there." "Preached at Kilhope, and the Lord laid His helping hand; four got clean hearts. Two men came to scoff; the Lord laid hold of one, and brought him down; every bone in him shook. The other went away wounded." Went to Edmondbyers to pray with a woman possessed of an evil spirit, and met with Brother S. We prayed with her awhile, but we were obliged to give up, because so many people came in. I stood up and preached. The Lord pardoned one woman. Went to pray with the woman again at eight o'clock. When we got there, she was cursing, swearing, dancing, etc. We knelt down and prayed with her until near half-past twelve. I told her to praise the Lord. She said, 'Curse the Lord!' I then said, 'It (the work) shall be done. But she said, 'It shall not be done.' It came to Brother S.'s mind that he should set the Lord's time to deliver her. I asked him, 'What time?' He said, 'One o'clock.' I said, 'So be it.' At the last moment, God turned the storm into a calm, and delivered her. Wonder how Prof. Tyndal would account for such a deliverance!

At a missionary meeting, "where we had gracious influence," and several were saved. "One young woman cried aloud for mercy; and her mother, hearing of the circumstance, came into the chapel, raging like a fury, and threatening to drag the daughter out. I stepped in between them, which made the mother rage more furiously; but I said that God was not to be beaten by the devil and an old woman, and I held her at bay till the daughter pressed into liberty."

Invited to a place called the Old Mill, and being "strongly pressed in spirit," I went. When I got there I found a man who had been a most hardened unbeliever, and a speaker among the Deists, eight or nine years. I knelt down to pray, and the hand of the Lord was powerfully upon him. He trembled, and cried aloud for mercy, and I continued to agonize for him till he received a clear sense of forgiveness. Such a scene followed as I never witnessed. There was a congregation assembled, expecting to hear me; but the converted Deist stood up, and preached a sermon which astonished all that were present. He took for his text this appropriate Scripture: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' He has joined us in Christian fellowship, and is likely to be a champion for God."

[To be continued.]

## MY MISSION CLASS.

BY LILLIAN A. MOULTON.

There were just nine of them—nine dirty-faced, bright-eyed, ragged, shaggy little children. Nine pairs of wayward feet to lead into the straight path; nine pairs of hands to restrain from idleness and vice; nine pairs of eyes to be guided in reading the Saviour's words; nine hearts that were aching for kindness and sympathy; nine minds, fertile for the seed-sowing; and nine precious souls to save for the Redeemer's crown. What a work!

And how could I, only a poor, erring creature at best, needing rather to be taught than to teach—how could I take such a responsibility?

This question came to me over and over, as I sat in my chamber that Saturday afternoon; and then I knelt and asked the Father to show me what to do. After I rose from my knees, the door opened, and my little boy came in to recite his verse for the next day. He stood by my side, and slowly repeated, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and then went to his play. After the door

closed again, I reiterated those golden words—"My grace is sufficient for thee;" my heart echoed "sufficient," and the decision was made.

Shall I tell you where I found these nine stray lambs?

Away down at the North End of Boston, in one of the darkest streets, where sin and shame and sorrow reigned supreme, where want and woe were well-known visitors, where God's peace and Christ's love were never heard of, where heaven's joys were never mentioned—this is where I found the nine.

We started on our missionary tour one bright, sunshiny morning, thinking to canvass several streets. But we found the heathen nearer than we expected, yea, even at our very door. Two barefooted little ones stood at the door as we opened it, and begged pitifully for something to eat. My husband smiled, and said, "Lizzie, our work has come to us."

"Yes," I assented, and throwing off my hat and shawl, I took the children right into the kitchen, gave them a seat in front of the bright fire, and before asking any questions, got them a good breakfast. No, I didn't give them bread and butter, for I knew that they must have been acquainted with that, but I gave them warm potatoes, cold meat, milk toast and mince pie. After being thoroughly refreshed they were very willing to entertain me with an account of the family history. Maggie was ten, and Katie seven.

I asked the elder, "What does your father do?"

"Drink whiskey,"—promptly.

"And what else?"

"Snacks, and kicks the old woman down, sometimes."

"Who is the old woman?" queried I.

"That's my mother, she"—

"And my mother, too," interposed the younger.

"You ought not to speak so of your dear mother," said I.

"She haint dear, an' she licks me, an' all the girls in my alley calls their mothers so, an' I haint no worse nor anybody else."

Seeing that moralizing was of little use, I took them up into the library, opened my drawer of picture-cards, books and bright-colored verses. These proved a good source of entertainment. Then I took out some large pictures, illustrative of the life of Christ, and holding up one—the Babe in Bethlehem—I asked,—

"Do you know who that is?"

"Yes, indeed," answered both at once, "that's Mrs. Flannery's baby."

Without making any reply, I lifted the next—Jesus in the Temple at twelve years of age. Great were the exclamations.

"Why, that's Mike Dolan's brother Tom!" screamed Maggie, with great delight.

Immeasurably shocked, I laid away the engravings and glanced at my husband.

"We must expect it," said he quietly.

O ye foreign missionaries! I respect you, but while you labor with, and pray for, the heathen in Burmah, don't forget those in Boston!

Maggie and Katie readily conducted us to their alley. Here we found a quantity of children who had come from the street and other alleys and lanes to play, but only nine were willing to go to Sunday-school. These nine were to come to my house the next day, under the leadership of Maggie and Katie Sheehan, who formed two of the party.

The next morning my husband put up a swing in the back yard, and bought jump-rope, hoops and balls, for a pleasant time; and I made doughnuts, molasses-candy, frosted cake, cracked nuts, popped corn, and baked apples, in order to make the children happy after they were tired of play.

The next afternoon, before dinner was over, the bell rang, and Bridget marshaled the whole troop into the dining-room. After lightning my confectionery bag, I sent them into the yard for a hearty romp, while we finished dinner.

At four o'clock I ushered them into the "refreshment-room," where I had arranged a table as tastily as possible with flowers and smilax. I think the repast must have looked tempting to those eighteen hungry eyes. At any rate, they did it ample justice, for although an over-abundant supply had been provided, it disappeared marvelously.

After satisfaction was manifested, I conducted them into the sitting-room, where they were held in perfect silence for nearly an hour by stories of boys and girls, cats and dogs. Wonderful stories, they thought them. When I finally arose from my chair, a little Italian girl stepped up, and said,—

"Oh, just tell me one more—the beautiful story you know. Will you?"

"Yes," I replied, "in a little while I will tell you the most beautiful story that I know."

This announcement was met by a general clapping.

Then we went up into the parlor, and after lighting the gas, I opened the piano and sang a few simple, childlike ballads.

But I forgot to introduce you to my nine. There was Jennie, a Scotch girl, Ida, with a brown skin, Lizette, from France, Gretchen, a German, Nellie, the Italian of whom I have spoken, and the rest—Mary, Norah, Maggie and Katie—were all Irish. Their ages ranged from seven to fifteen.

Yes, they were truly of "every tribe and nation," but they all might sit at the same table, might play the same game, and, best of all, might all hear the same story—the most beautiful

story that I knew—"the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

In simple words I told it, beginning with Bethlehem's Babe, and ending with Calvary's Cross. They listened attentively, only occasionally interrupting with questions, as, "Law, now, did that really, truly, ever happen?"

I wanted them to carry this story home fresh in their minds; so at its conclusion, I dismissed them, they having first agreed to come again at two o'clock the following Sunday, and hear more of the marvelous story.

The next Sunday the nine were there promptly, and together they ate again of that "bread" which cometh down from heaven, and together drank from the waters of life.

I was sowing the seed. Would it take root and grow? If so, what would the harvest be?

Patiently and prayerfully we worked, and by this time we worked not alone. Very many of our friends had grown interested, and with us were striving to scatter the good seed broadcast over the land. We organized a sewing-class for Wednesday afternoons, and a day-school for Saturdays, both of which have proved a success.

I might tell you how we opened a small hall for the parents—the drinking fathers and mothers; how we told them the old, old story; how we tried to teach them the way of eternal life; but there is not space.

It was nearly a year from the time I first saw her, when somebody came and said, "Maggie Sheehan is dying!"

I put on my shawl, and went down into that narrow alley, up four flights of rickety stairs, into a small attic room, and there, in one corner, on a pile of old clothes, lay Maggie, almost gone. She caught my hand, and whispered, "Jesus loves me. I'm going to Jesus." A severe cold had proved too much for the fragile form, and in ten minutes after she spoke, earthly deprivations were over, and her spirit was with Jesus.

Think you that death left no impression on the wretched family? I tell you, my readers, it did. The father and mother are better and purer and nobler for it, the children more mild and gentle and forgiving, and the whole household is more Christlike because of that vacant place. We were, until then, unable to fix their thoughts upon heaven, but now they are constantly looking upward through the golden gates, and their hearts are continually crying out to know more of the city wherein dwells their dear one. Verily, "a little child shall lead them."

Two years from that date, my husband's failing health compelled me to leave my home for a warmer climate, and with regret I gave my charge into another's hands. But whether I or another labored, it was all the same—'twas all the Lord's work. Doth He not always take care of His own?

This morning I have been re-reading one of my letters from Ida, one of the nine:—

"Everything still continues to go on well, and we have now 95 scholars in our mission Sunday-school. I have been a teacher for two years. Do you ever hear from Katie and Lizette, and the rest? Did you know that Gretchen and her whole family have been converted, and have now gone back to Germany? We were very sorry to lose them, but they intend to start a mission out there. Jennie and Norah are both married, and are still teachers in the Sunday-school. Mary has charge of our infant department, and does fine sewing in a very nice family. I hope you still remember us all. When you come back to Boston, you will find things different from what they were when you went away."

This letter is dated a year ago.

My husband no longer needs the softening atmosphere of sunny Florida; he breathes in perfect health the green pastures, and walks without a pain by the still waters of the city celestial. And so I have returned to Boston to resume my mission labor.

As I go in and out among the by-ways, highways, hedges and alleys, and meet with discouragements on every hand, my faith grows clearer and my hope brighter, when I remember those nine mission girls.

Reader, there are other nine in that same dark, dingy street. Will not somebody find them? Will not somebody save them? They that win souls, shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

## OUR MOTHERS.

REPAIRING OLD DRESSES.

Now is the time to take last summer's dresses from the closets or the drawers where they have been lying all winter. Before it is time to take down stoves, or to put out fires, before it is time to think of the spring house-cleaning, the busy mother has an opportunity to get through a good deal of necessary rippling, repairing, and altering. Where she has a sister or grown daughter to assist her, this may be a very pleasant piece of work. It frequently pays well to engage a seamstress for a few days to help through this annual campaign.

A little judicious planning and rearranging will very often make a new dress out of an old one. The children have grown so, that there must be alterations made, tucks taken out, and pieces set in, that last year's costume may not be altogether thrown aside.

It is well now to think what you have on hand that you can spare to give away. Is there not some little fellow in Joe's Sunday-school class, who will be very glad indeed to get Joe's last year's light striped pantaloons? You thought of giving them to the old-clothes' man, in exchange for a china vase, as they are too short for Joe. Don't. You can do without the vase much better than little Bob Smith can manage without a pair of trousers.

There is little Nellie Waits. Her mother has a blue dress of 1872, and she has enough to do in paying rent and

providing food and other necessities for her family, and she scarcely knows how she is to procure a new hat or dress for her daughter. We are all ready to assist the very poor, who are down in the lowest slough of beggary, but we too often forget the thoroughly respectable class of people, whose means are very narrow indeed, but who never stoop to ask charity. Nor is what you give them to be regarded in any sense as an alms. It is a duty and a privilege, too, for us, in this toilsome world, to help each other on, and a delicate gift, gracefully bestowed, does good beyond what lies in itself merely.

Everybody knows a perplexity which comes over the mind at the sight of garments which are pronounced "too good to give away," but which there is nobody to wear. We think the better plan is to find somebody to wear them. Things are laid aside in chests and drawers till they are antiquated, fabric and shape both out of fashion, or the moths eat them, and they are finally thrown away in despair. It is much more satisfactory to let them serve some other person's need. There is a great deal of quiet, sisterly work of this sort for some of us to do.—*Christian at Work.*

## DRIFTING.

BY ANNIE M. HOWE.

From the shore of mortal birthplace  
Puts a little boat to sea,  
Laden with a soul immortal,  
Bound for port eternity;  
Fragile and helpless on the billow  
Of life's ocean great and wide,  
See it slowly gliding onward,  
Drifting, drifting, with the tide.

Future dark—a mist hangs o'er it,  
Those strange waters all unknown;  
Though some charts map out the voyage,  
Yet one finds it out alone.  
Will it stem the ocean currents,  
Boldly through the waters ride,  
Daring storm and braving tempest,  
Or go drifting with the tide?

Now 'tis sporting in the waters,  
Tossing bubbles all the day,  
Never thinking of the morrow,  
Or of danger in the way.  
Beautiful and bright these bubbles—  
Would they only might abide!  
Dazzling, sparkling, in the sunlight,  
They are drifting with the tide.

All too soon the vision changes,  
And the sky is overcast;  
Clouds of sorrow gather, hover,  
Over the waters thick and fast;  
Dark the rocks and shoals of trouble,  
Cold and sharp the winds beside,  
Grief is weighing down the life-boat,  
While it drifts with the tide.

Still the signal fires are burning,  
Lighting up the gloomy sky,  
Streaming over the waste of waters,  
Pointing out the dangers nigh.  
Ah, it sees the heavenly beacon,  
Follows now the Holy Guide,  
Who is watching from the light-house,  
Watching, with His bleeding side.

It has almost reached the harbor,  
Almost touched the outer shore;  
Almost seen the golden city,  
Through the mist that hangs o'er;  
Almost caught the heavenly music,  
Rising on the other side;  
Just one moment—drop the anchor!  
Drifted, now, beyond the tide.

## FUN AND FACT.

.... It is a most impressive thought—the first overtone is always on God's part.  
No sorrow will your heart betide,  
Without a comfort by its side;  
The sun may sleep in his sea-bed,  
But you have starlight overhead.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.

.... An old sail, sitting on a wharf the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since."

.... Bridget—"Wat's the most genteel thing for a lady to do is to carry in the street, Nora?" "Cook—Sure, this, some prefers a three-volume book; but I prefers a roll of music meself—quite careless and easy like."

.... The man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with exquisite melody.

As skillfully the sailor tacks his ship,  
To take advantage of some adverse wind,  
Now veering north, now south, yet still the while  
Nears steadily his port, so may I find,  
When winds of trial come, and I am borne  
From that straight way which seems to me  
The best.

That Thou, O Lord, dost wisely guide my soul  
Through all, unto the port of heavenly rest.  
—National Repository.

.... Bill—"I say, Mary, run and ask Julie to come and play with us." Mary—"You know, Bill, mother says you ain't to call him Julie—his name's Julius." Bill—"Well, what does she call me Bill for, then?" "I ain't call him Julius—she calls me Bill—too."

.... An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idea! Sure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime."

.... There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.—*Motest Henry.*

.... "Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spilkins, the other morning, when she got the paper—"Mr. Silver Bill has just passed the House!" "His money dear?" replied Mrs. S. from upstairs. "Why didn't you ask him in?"

.... In the whole catalogue of Christian virtues, there is, perhaps, none which is so much a mark of a renewed nature, as meek and lowly mind. The celebrated Austin of Hippo, being asked what was the first thing in religion, replied: "Humility."

.... A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

.... This little poem was written in a hospital by one of the wounded soldiers boys during our late war:—  
I am not eager, bold or strong;  
All that is past;  
I am ready now to die,  
At last! at last!

My half day's work is done,  
And that is all my part;  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart.  
I grasp His banner still,  
And though the blue be dim,  
The stripes no less than stars  
Lead up to Him.

.... When old Bishop Beveridge was about to die, and one asked him if he knew those about his bed, he said, "No." His wife bowed over his pillow and asked, "Do you know me?" "No." Another asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" And the venerable prelate folded his hands and said, "I have known Him for forty-four years. He is my best friend." When Jonathan Edwards was dying, after he had dismissed all his family, he gathered his limbs up in bed, and said, "And now where is Jesus, my faithful friend?"

.... A little boy in Hyde Park was remonstrated with by his mother for breaking up a quantity of clothes-pins. "You mustn't hurt them," said she, "as I want to use them." His naive reply was, "I ain't hurting them. They can't feel."

.... At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in London one speaker expressed a hope "that something might be done for the miserable poor of London?" "And also for the miserable rich!" was a part of Mr. Moody's reply.

## KEEPING LENT.

Is this a fast to keep?  
The ladder leave  
And cleave  
From fat of cheese and sheeps?  
Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?  
Is it to fast an hour,  
Or ragged gown,  
Or show  
A downcast look and sorrow?  
No! 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheats,  
And mete  
Unto the hungry sowle!  
It is a fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And ill to see;  
To circumscribe "thy life"  
To show a hearty grief-ripen,  
To starve thy sin,  
Nay, sin,  
And that's to keep thy Lent!  
—Robert Herrick, 1591.

## FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## OUR LITTLE TO-DO.

She is a wee thing, blue-eyed, flax-haired, with tiny hands and feet, only three years old.

Her parents came from the old country, and named



BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

About 30 of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church will attend the Pan-Anglican Synod, to be held in London, beginning July 2.

Brother Drake kept his promise, became a Christian, united with the M. E. Church, and since that time has lived a consistent Christian life.

He leaves father, mother, three brothers and two sisters to mourn his loss. May his mantle fall upon them!

A. PLUMER.

Windsor, March 9.

**ASTHMA** SMITHNIGHT'S Asthma REMEDY  
The only sure remedy. Is sold under a positive guar-  
antee. Price \$1 a package. Sample pkg. free. Address  
LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

should be put into the hands of every probationer as soon as the name is enrolled on the Church lists  
Sent by mail for \$30cts.

**JAMES P WAGER,**  
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**GOLD** Any worker can make \$12 a day at home.  
Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO.,  
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**SNOWFLAKE CARDS.** Nicest you ever  
saw. 50 for 25c  
and 3c. Stamp. 5 packs 5 names \$1. By re-  
turn mail, warranted to suit or money refunded  
W.C. ANNON, 712 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
366



THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday.

Business concentrating troops on the Austrian frontier. — England protests against the Russian advance towards the Bosphorus. — A decisive vote of confidence in the ministry passed in the French Chamber of Deputies, 436 to 34. — Capture of six of Redmond's band of outlaws in South Carolina, who defied the Internal Revenue law. Mr. Brad confirmed unanimously as Collector of the port of Boston. — The Louisiana Supreme Court decides that Anderson was improperly indicted, and must be released. The other prosecutions dropped.

Wednesday.

Secretary Sherman informs a Senate committee that resumption is practicable and that a repeal of the Resumption law would be unwise. Warm debate in the Senate on the timber depositions. Disagreement between the House and Senate on the West Point bill. The Woodruff Expedition granted an American register for a foreign ship. A resolution reported to the House for the removal of Doorkeeper Polk. — Failure of S. M. Mills & Co. of New York; liabilities \$225,000. — Death of Prof. Hart, the geologist, in Rio de Janeiro, reported. — Serious riot in Toronto consequent on the attempt of O'Donovan Rossa to lecture. Many persons injured.

Thursday.

The European Congress expected to meet April 2. — Typhus fever raging among the Russian troops in Asia. — The Timber Culture bill passes the Senate. The deficiency bill passes the House; also a bill forbidding the subletting of mail contracts. — A reception given to Bayard Taylor by the Goethe club in New York. — The annual report of the Soldiers' Homes shows that 8,000 men were cared for during the year.

Friday.

The dual-loan between Russia and England relative to submitting the whole treaty to the approaching Congress continues. — Passage of the Naval Appropriation bill by the House. A new Postal Savings Bank bill reported. — The Senate the policy of Secretary Schuyler severely commented on by Messrs. Jones and Morgan, and defended by Mr. Matthews. — A new Italian ministry formed. — English holders continue to sell their American bonds. — Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, signs the bill for the better protection of depositors in Savings Banks. — The various minis ordered to buy silver bullion.

Saturday.

The question of the Congress still in suspense. — Four Thessalian villages sacked by the Turks. — Secretary Schuyler sharply dealt with in the Senate by a strong vote precisely condemning his policy in the timber degradation matter, and a second vote reducing the appropriation for hunting timber thieves. — An informal conference occurs between members of the House committee on Banking and prominent New York bankers on the question of early resumption. — Suspension of the First National Bank at Tarrytown, with a deficiency of \$40,000.

Sunday.

Violent gale, with snow, prevailing throughout England. — British naval-training ship Eurydice, with 400 men on board, reported captured off the coast of Isle of Wight. — Explosion of steamer Magenta, running between New York and Havre. Two men killed and seventeen others badly scalded, two of whom have died. Accident occurred within two miles of Sing Sing. — Reported massacre of many thousands of women and children by the Turks in the sackings of the Thessalian villages of Olympus, Respara, Caria and Litchari. — Insurgent villages of Mt. Pelion blockaded by Turks.

The Beaver Stamping Company of Montreal have suspended; liabilities \$70,000.

Richard Grant White is named as librarian of the Astor library, New York. — Christian Andersen has been translated into Arabic. — The British steamer *Astoria* has been wrecked at Castillas, with the loss of 31 lives. — Yellow fever prevails at Rio de Janeiro. — There were several cases of suicide in New York last week. The mania appears to be on the increase. — There was a large fire at Danville, Va., on the 22d. Tobacco warehouses, factories, public church and several dwellings were burned; loss \$80,000.

The following act for the better protection of depositors in savings banks, has been enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows: —

SECTION 1. Whenever, in the judgment of the board of commissioners of savings banks, the security and solvency of any such bank, or any savings bank in this Commonwealth shall require a limitation or regulation of payments to its depositors, said board may, by an order in writing directed to such bank, limit and regulate such payments in time and amount as the interest of all the depositors may require. Such order shall fully express the terms of said limitation or regulation; and it may be changed or wholly repealed whenever in the judgment of said commissioners the welfare of the depositors in such bank shall so require.

SECTION 2. Any person aggrieved by such order may, within thirty days after service thereof, appeal therefrom to the supreme judicial court.

The court shall hear and determine the rights of the parties under such appeal, and may alter, affirm, or annul the same, as equity may require. Upon the entry of such appeal the court may suspend the order appealed from, and may alter, affirm, or annul the same, as equity may require. Upon the entry of such appeal the court may suspend the order appealed from, and may alter, affirm, or annul the same, as equity may require.

SECTION 3. This act shall take effect upon its passage, and shall continue in force three years.

Approved March 21, 1878.

OLD COLONY RAILROAD.

In the last annual report of the directors of the Old Colony railroad, some very interesting facts are given, showing the careful and successful management in which the affairs of the corporation have been conducted. Although the year has been one of business depression, and the gross earnings of the road were less than some previous years, yet only a few years in its history show a larger surplus to be divided among its stockholders. After paying all expenses, interest coupons, etc., the net earnings amount to over four hundred thousand dollars. More gratifying, however, to the public, is the fact, that the directors are able to say that "there have been no serious accidents to passengers on the road during the year, and the amount of claims against the Company for injuries has seldom been less than at the present time."

From the report of this and other roads, apparently the safest place for an individual to be seated in a first-class car on a railroad. It certainly brings to the individual who is obliged to travel, a feeling of security, when the declaration is made, that over four millions of passengers have been carried the past year (which is equal to fifty-nine millions six hundred and twenty-eight thousand persons one mile), on the Old Colony, and no serious accident has occurred to any passenger. The hurrying crowds, noise and commotion often witnessed in a depot, would impress one with the idea that all was confusion, but behind and underneath it all there is order and system, which give safety to the traveling public. The trains come and go at the time fixed, and the locomotives move according to the "time table," as if propelled by the power of fate.

The running condition of the road is reported to be in fine order, having a full complement of cars for the vast amount of business done. The company now have in working order 72 locomotives, 158 passenger and over 1,200 baggage and freight cars. Four thousand and twelve tons of steel rail have been laid, making in all about 100 miles of steel rail now in use. The change from iron to steel, has thus far been very satisfactory; some of it has been in use over nine years, and as yet shows but little sign of wear. Extensive improvements have been made in depots and grounds; three new station houses built; a new iron suspension bridge over Taunton Great River, at Somerset, and also a new engine house at the same place. The corporation operate 310 miles of railroad in all its branches; also own and control the line of steamships between Fall River and New York, and the Old Colony line of steamers to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, making in all a water route of 290 miles.

The vigilance and care with which the Old Colony has been managed in the past, is no doubt an assurance that the same watchfulness will be over it in the future, and that all that can be done for the safety, convenience and comfort of passengers, will be done, and this great thoroughfare to the most attractive places of resort on the continent — Newport and Martha's Vineyard — will continue to afford seekers of pleasure and men of business the most agreeable accommodations that enterprise and mechanical skill can furnish.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

A biography of the late Dr. Duff will be prepared by his son.

Dr. John Hall's Church, New York, lately paid an installment of \$25,000 toward its annual contribution for home missions. The English memorial of Robert Bakes, the founder of Sunday-school, will be paid for by 1,000,000 contributions of one penny each.

During Mr. Spurgeon's absence from the London Tabernacle, special services have been held by two evangelists, Messrs. Clark and Smith, which have resulted in a profession of faith by 400 persons.

Rev. J. B. Finney, formerly governor of Liberia, is about to sail for Monrovia, where he will take charge of the college of Liberia. Dr. Finney has devoted long and laborious years to the Christianization and civilization of the west coast of Africa.

One evening last week an infant daughter of Dr. H. A. Reynolds, seven months old, was baptized at the residence of Hon. A. P. Kelley, in Chicago. This "red ribbon" baby was named Susan Willard, after the well-known lady reformer.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, and his wife, celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage, March 18, by giving a reception in the church and lecture-room. Upward of 1,500 ladies and gentlemen were present, and the affair was a very brilliant one.

They were the recipients of many rich and beautiful presents from the Church members, who thus testified their friendship and esteem. At the close of an address by Mr. W. C. Goodrich, chairman of the board of trustees, Dr. Cuyler was presented with a monster purse of white netting, filled with 1,000 new silver dollars, suspended from a silver pole, borne upon the shoulders of two gentlemen.

FROM A PHYSICIAN.

Hyde Park, Vt., Feb. 7, 1876.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston:

Gentlemen: — You may perhaps remember that I wrote you, several weeks ago, in regard to the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP for my wife, who was suffering from general debility, the sequence of Typhoid Dysentery. I had tried the most noted physicians in this State, and also in Canada, without relief. At your recommendation she commenced the use of the Syrup; the first four bottles made but little impression, but while taking the fifth she began to improve rapidly, and now, after using six of the dollar bottles, she has regained her strength, and is able to do most of the work about the house; and I feel that I cannot speak too highly in praise of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. I have prescribed it to several of my patients, and have procured the same in writing to such bank, limit and regulate such payments in time and amount as the interest of all the depositors may require. Such order shall fully express the terms of said limitation or regulation; and it may be changed or wholly repealed whenever in the judgment of said commissioners the welfare of the depositors in such bank shall so require.

Yours very truly,

H. D. BELDEN, M. D.

Sold by all dealers generally.

AYER & SON'S MANUAL contains more information of value to advertisers than any other publication. Sent free. Address N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Times Building, Philadelphia.

All who wish to economize in coal, will do well to notice advertisement of Messrs. A. W. Nelson & Co., 18 Union Street, this city. It is the best thing of the kind we have seen. Free from dust, and suits the coal very efficiently.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Adamson's Botanic Balm has proved itself a friend to the suffering, and its best recommendation is that where it has once been faithfully tried no other remedy will be used for coughs and colds.

Victims of sick headache may find certain relief by the use of Dr. Ques's MAGIC CONDITION PILLS. Mrs. J. M. Spaulding, of Sharon, Vt., says: "I feel unable to be without them, for they are the only thing I can get relief from."

THE ESTEY ORGAN. — This instrument has gained a reputation second to none in this country, and its superior qualities are attracting the attention of musical connoisseurs in Europe and other foreign countries. The popularity of the Estey Organ is based on its own intrinsic merit. It is made as perfect as human ingenuity, care and skill can make it, and sold at the lowest possible price consistent with a fair and remunerative profit. Every Organ that leaves the manufactory, from the little "Cottage Gem," with four octaves and a single set of forty-eight reeds, to the "Two Manual Pedal Organ," with seven full sets of reeds and sixteen stops, is made throughout with equal fidelity, and subjected to that exact scrutiny which renders it well-nigh impossible for the minutest flaw to escape detection. Orders received by Hunt Brothers, 608 Washington St., Globe Building, who are general agents for New England. Factory at Brattleboro, Vt.

What the "three Graces" said about SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES for Coughs, as they sat together under a slippery elm tree. Their language was silent, and they conveyed their testimony in the lasting speech of flowers. Flowers tell short stories. Next week we will tell you what "Faith" said about them. They are for sale by all Druggists. Caswell & Co., cor. Washington and Winter Sts., Boston.

SICK OR WELL, most people relish a cup of Cocoa, or Broma.

No one can deny that a healthy and temperate mind these beverages far more healthful than either tea or coffee, while a leading physician of many years' practice in lung diseases writes: "As an article of diet, Chocolate is particularly serviceable. Having examined several specimens of Chocolate, I find that Baker's is by far the most recommended to invalids." Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa preparations are strictly pure, have stood the test of a hundred years, have received the highest premiums wherever exhibited, and are sold everywhere.

Our readers have seen the attractive pictures of the Standard Broom. It is a simple and capital invention. It gives you a bona fide broom instead of the proverbial American fry. We have the judgment of an expert, who is a graduate of the kitchen and has a character for his invention as "simple, cheap, and practical," according to the advertisement. D. Arthur Brown & Co., Fisherville, N. H., are the manufacturers.

One MORE CHANCE, BROTHERS. — Dr. Tourjee's excursion is full. For the disappointed ones he has chartered the new and splendid steamer "Circassia." This steamer will leave New York, June 22. Able literary and musical men will have charge of this excursion. One week's more time will be spent in Europe. This company, starting a year earlier, meeting in Switzerland, return with the general company. Send for circular.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

R. L. DAY & COMPANY.

Bankers, Brokers, and Stock Auctioneers.

Merchants' Exchange Building.

Entrances 31 State Street, 14 Exchange Place.

Auction Sales every Wednesday and Saturday, at 11 1/2 o'clock A. M.

Stocks bought and sold in Broker's Board.

U. S. Called bonds cashed, or exchanged for later issues.

Good City and Town Bonds constantly on hand.

Boston, March 23, 1878.

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U. S. 5s, 1894, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1894, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1895, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1895, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1896, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1896, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1897, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1897, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1898, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1898, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1899, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1899, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1900, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1900, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1901, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1901, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1902, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1902, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1903, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1903, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1904, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

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U. S. 5s, 1907, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1907, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1908, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1908, coupon Jan. & July Int. 100% 100% 100%

U. S. 5s, 1909, reg'd Jan. & July Int. 100%